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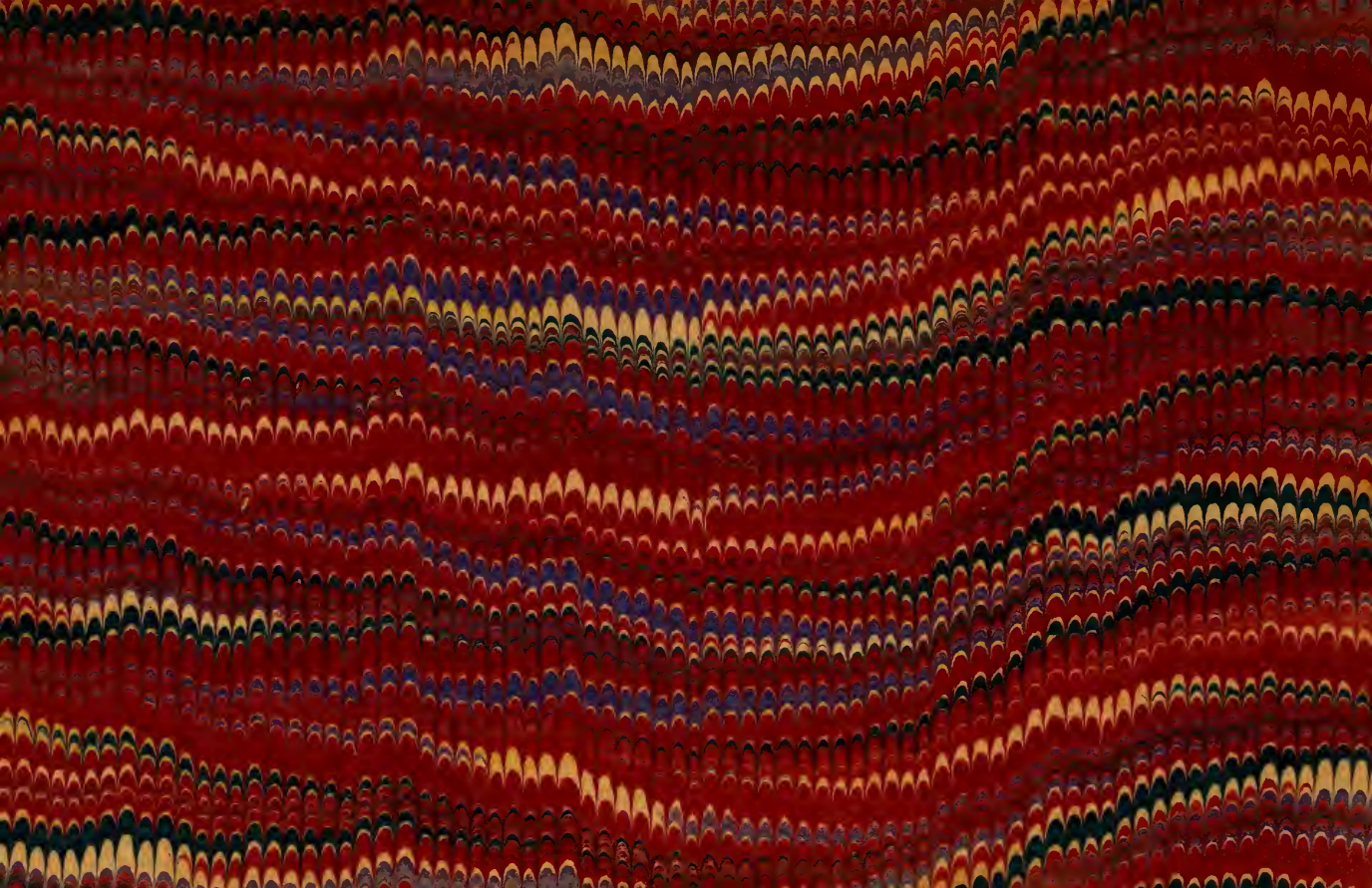

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THE BACTERIOLOGIST:

AN ORIGINAL COMEDY

In Five Acts.

BY

DANIEL K. FORD,

Author of the Successful Comedietta,
My Friend Isaac, etc.

WITH THE

COMPLETE STAGE-BUSINESS, RELATIVE POSITIONS, SCENE AND PROPERTY PLOTS, TIME OF REPRESENTATION, &c. &c.

ST. PAUL:

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THE BACTERIOLOGIST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DOCTOR SOLOMON SAPIENCE.—A Bacteriologist, very profound, age sixty.

BACILLUS BACTERIUM.—A Multi-Millionaire, a victim of bacteriological literature, age fifty.

CEREBRO S. MENINGITIS.—His daughter's lover, a medical student, age twenty-five.

PAROTITIS BACTERIUM.—His son, age twenty-five.

MIKE CROBE.—His servant, a good looking young Irishman, age twenty-two.

MR. VERMES.—A vender of germs, age thirty-five. } Twin Brothers.
THE UNKNOWN.—Age thirty-five. }

BACTERIANNA BACTERIUM.—The millionaire's daughter, age twenty.

BELLA DONNA.—Her cousin, age twenty.

ANTI SEPTIC, } Her aunts, Maidens of uncertain ages, somewhere
ANTI PYRINE, } between forty and fifty.
ANTI DOTE. }

ANGINA PECTORIS.—Irish maid servant, quite pretty, age twenty.

NURSE.—Age twenty-five.

COSTUMES.

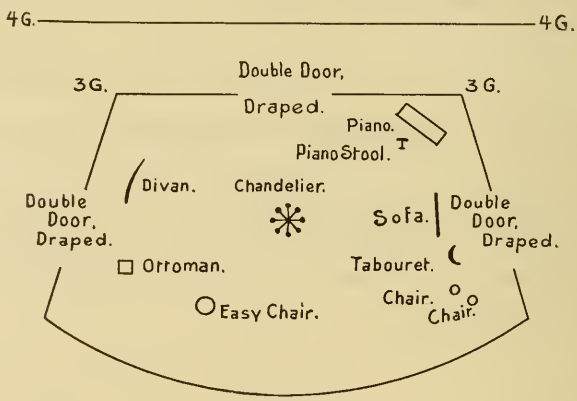
Modern, and appropriate to characters. Those of the three sisters, Anti Septic, Anti Pyrine and Anti Dote, somewhat eccentric.

THE BACTERIOLOGIST.

SCENE PLOT.

ACT I.

Elegantly furnished parlor in the Bacterium Mansion, (boxed in 3 G. and backed by hall in 4 G.) Double doors, draped, C. in flat. Double doors, draped, 2 E. R. Double doors, draped, 2 E. L. Piano and stool, L. U. Cor. Divan, R. Ottoman right of divan. Sofa, L. Tabouret left of sofa. 2 chairs down L. Lighted Chandelier, C. Easy chair down R. C. All furnishings and draperies suitable for the establishment of a man of wealth and cultivated taste. Carpet down. Time, night. Lights up.



ACT II.

Lawn at Wigglesworth. Bacterium Mansion in the background on flat. Fountain up C. Shrubbery up R. C. Large vase with flowers up R. Large vase with flowers up L. Two garden-settees R. Two garden-settees L. Camp-stool down R. Camp-stool down L. Time, morning. Lights up.

ACT III.

Beach at Long Branch. The sun rises. A few vessels and a steamer seen in the distance sailing from R. to L. A row-boat containing two fishermen goes by near the shore, from L. to R. Small rock near the water, R. Steamers and vessels, in the distance, occasionally seen during the entire act.

ACT IV.

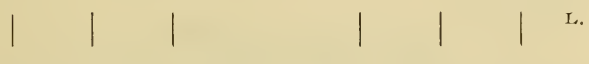
SCENE I.—Female Ward in Sapience Sanatorium, (boxed in 3 G.) Door in flat, C. Window each side of this door. Couch down R. Three panel screen (4½ feet high,) back of couch. Easy chair down L. Large chest up C. Table down C. on which are bottles of medicine, pitcher of ice water and three glasses. Time, night. Gas burners R. and L. Lights in harmony with scene.

ARRANGEMENT OF BEDS.

SCENE II —Lobby in Sapience Sanatorium in 1 G. Lights low.

SCENE III.—Male ward, (boxed in 2 G) Large window in center of flat, moon shining into same. Door each side of this window. A single gas jet between window and each door. Lights low.

ARRANGEMENT OF BEDS.



ACT V.

Parlor in Bacterium Mansion. Scene same as in Act I. Easy chair moved to R. U. Cor. Carpet down.

PROPERTY PLOT.

ACT I.

Pocket medicine-case, containing phials and powders in papers, for Dr. Sapience.

ACT II.

Flowers for garden-vases. Small pocket medicine-case containing a few bottles and powders in papers for Mr. Bacterium. Also small phial for Mr. Bacterium.

ACT III.

Pocket medicine-case, (same as in Act I) for Dr. Sapience. Large lobster to be attached to the seat of Mike Crobe's trousers. In a basket for Mr. Vermes, nine hideously made-up creatures to represent magnified microbes, about 18 inches long, with claws, horns, tails and feelers, different colors.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—One registering-tablet for nurse. In chest, six dresses, with caps and aprons, suitable for hospital nurses, also six fans.

SCENE II.—Candle stick containing lighted candle for Dr. Sapience.

ACT V.

Small bottle for Dr. Sapience.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The performer is supposed to be facing the audience

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means right; L., left; R. D., right door; L. D., left door; C. D., centre door; 2 E. R., second entrance, right; 2 E. L., second entrance, left; R. U. E., right upper entrance; L. U. E., left upper entrance.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means right; L., left; C., centre; R. C., right of centre; L. C., left of centre; R. Cor., right corner; L. Cor., left corner; R. U. Cor., right upper corner; L. U. Cor., left upper corner; UP, toward the back of stage; DOWN, toward the footlights; 1 G., first groove; 2 G., second groove; 3 G., third groove; 4 G., fourth groove.

Time of representation, about two hours and a half. Period, present time.

THE BACTERIOLOGIST.

ACT I.

Wigglesworth on the Hudson. Elegantly furnished parlor in the Bacterium Mansion. (*See scene plot.*)

Parotitis. (*R.*)

Is this the Doctor Sapience, so famed for knowledge,
Once a professor in some noted college?

Cerebro (*C.*)

Yes, for the nervous a specialist of great fame,
But very eccentric, all the same.

Parotitis.

What is his mode of treatment, what his hobby?
Does he doctor the mind, or doctor the body?

Cerebro.

Both, he strengthens the body,
He humors the mind,
Never a patient disputes in a case of this kind.

Parotitis.

This doctor, I know, is very profound.
His theory, may be, is perfectly sound,
But I'm tired to death of Bacteriology,
We get it all day, without an apology.

Cerebro.

Your father's disease is of the imagination,
A mania, an hallucination.
It can be cured, leave it to me,
This doctor 'll help us, you shall see.

Parotitis.

Before my father from business retired,
He was a man by all admired,
With no foolish fancy in his mind,
Perfect in health, gentle—kind.

But since he nothing had to do,
He's been in one perpetual stew;
All day long he reads of bacterial germs,
Microbes, bacilli and worms.

And it seems to be a part of his nature
To run to curious nomenclature.
Medicine, disease, animalcule and bone
Furnish names for all persons in his home.

Cerebro.

Yes, his singular mania our names to change
Knows no limit in its range.
Man, woman, daughter, son, servants; to state it
mild,
On nomenclature, he has gone wild.

Your father's very strange condition,
I explained minutely to the physician;
And with his knowledge of germs and their abodes,
He believes your father has no microbes.
But he, to cure, would let your father believe
That he has a bacillus up his sleeve.
Such a caprice must never be crossed,
As sure as it is, the case is lost.

With good fresh air and reasonable diet,
No contradictions and much quiet,
He'll cease to ask—what can the matter be?
And stop a studying his own anatomy.

Now Dr. Sapience, with intent most pure,
Expects us to help him with this cure.
Your father, thus far, has deceived *himself*,
Now, *we* must deceive *him* back to health.

Parotitis.

My aunts, sister, cousin, and the servants, too,
Should all be informed what they have to do.
Each one, you say, must play a part,
I fear they're lacking in dramatic art.

Cerebro.

I'll talk to all, our designs impart,
We're to meet in the library, after dark,
And then tomorrow, we'll commence our cure,
The remedy is simple, and I believe it sure.

To day the doctor, I suppose,
Will devote his time to diagnose.
He'll see your father, and with professional eye,
Naught will escape his scrutiny.

Parotitis. (*Looking at watch.*)

This wondrous Galen should now be here,
He's lost his train, I much do fear,
He should have arrived between three and four,
Here comes my father, let us withdraw.

Exeunt (*L. D.*) *Cerebro and Parotitis.*

Enter Mr. Bacillus Bacterium (*C. D.*) *He walks languidly down to easy-chair* (*R. C.*) *and drops into it.*

Mr. B. (*Seriously.*)

And now another doctor comes,
Will he say it's my heart, or say it's my lungs?
Could he hear the grating of my bones,
Could he feel the pain, or hear my moans,
Yes, my moans, my groans, my bones,
My pains, my aches, my sigh,
He'd know my trouble is bacilli.
Oh! how my flesh does burn and quiver,
The microbe to-day is in my liver.

Enter Mike Crobe (*C. D.*)

Mike C.

Doctor Sapience, at thy call,
Awaits thy orders in the hall.

Mr. B. (*Raising himself feebly.*)
Waste no time in bringing him hither,
I fear I have a diseas-ed liver.

Mike C. (*Aside, C.*)
Liver is it this time? Oi belaves Oi have none,
Probably the rich alone possess thum.

Mr. B. (*Dreamily.*)
My dear Mike Crobe, I like thy name (*Pausing, aside*)
What if I have a microbe in my brain?

Mike C. (*Aside.*)
Phat kind of talk does he call that?
Sure he's hung his brains up in his hat.

Mr. B.
Faithful servant draw you nigh,
Can you see aught that's strange within my eye?

Mike C. (*Going R. C. and gazing intently at Mr. B.*)
Naught can Oi see, and naught diskiver,
Which indicates you have a liver.
(*Aside, in alarm.*)
By the howly Moses,
Perhaps he has tuberculosis!

Mr. B. (*Languidly.*)
Michael dear, draw near, draw near,
Am I not yellow from ear to ear?

Mike C. (*Assuming a profound air.*)
Your complixion, sor, is fine as silk,
Your eyes as blue as milkman's milk;
Your *tout-ensemble* and entire plan
Indicate a perfect gintleman.

Mr. B. (*Recovering himself.*)
No blarney, Mike, as the doctor's late,
Show him right in, don't let him wait.

Mike C. (*Going up C.*)
Oi flies good master at thy biddin',
(*Aside.*) Sure that's the way Oi gets my livin' (*Exit, C. D*)

Mr. B.

A faithful servant he is ever,
Regardless of the kind of weather.
(*Rubbing his hands gleefully, in a crazy manner.*)
What a very. very brilliant thought to call this boy
Mike Crobe.
I'll have none but medical names in this abode.

What times I've had with the family names,
How ungrateful my relatives for all my pains.
But they know full well, if they'd not been willing,
I'd have cut them off with only a shilling.

Mike C. (*From without.*)

This way my master bids you. plase,
Oi belaves he's full of some dis'ase.

Enter Mike C. (*C. D.*)

Doctor Sapience has ariven,
Train due at four, but now 'tis siven.
Would have arrived sooner, Oi expect,
If the poor fellow had not been wrecked.

Enter Dr. Sapience (*C. D.*) *He hurries with short mincing steps to where Mr. B. is seated.*

Dr. S. (*Talking hurriedly but profoundly.*)

Cattle on the track, sir!
Shocking derailment;
Let me see your tongue, sir,
Expensive entailment.

One animal's horns, sir, torn from his head,
Six bovines picked up, sir, entirely dead.
(*With dignity takes out watch and feels of Mr. B's pulse.*)
Your pulse, sir, is abnormally quick,
The engineer killed, sir, stiff as a stick.
Is your appetite good? Do you sleep well at night?
Cold chills? Sweats? Is your liver all right?
I feared I would not be here until eleven,
Lucky for you, sir, you'd then be in heaven.
The conductor quite kind, a man of the world,
He'd heard of your wealth and his heart was unfurled.

He would willingly do what lay in his power.
To bring me to town by the seven o'clock hour,
If, then I replied, motive power you'll render,
I'll quickly accept your generous tender.
And now I am here, three hours past time,
But in season to save you, and do it in rhyme.

Mr. B. (*Rising in utter amazement.*)

Physician much loquacious,
My appetite is quite rapacious.
I have no sweats or chills at night,
But I fear my liver is not right. (*Seizing head.*)
Sometimes my cerebellum feels as large as a water-melon.
Oft in my stomach, there appears to be a terrible hummock.
One doctor's great delight is
To say I have appendicitis. } *Contemptuously.*

Dr. S.

Have charity, pray, for the profession,
Or you may get a wrong impression.
Fashions and fads are observed in all vocations,
And doctors must have their daily rations.

The appendix for years has been neglected,
So for it a disease was lately perfected;
For no other purpose could this organ be used,
So do not my friend see the doctors abused.

It may have been useful to the prehistoric man,
But he of to-day is on a more practical plan.
All superfluities are now discarded,
The race is now fast, and must not be retarded.

Mr. B. (*With apparent suffering.*)

Doctor I'm having now such pains! such aches! such twinges!
I feel as if my legs and arms and jaw were coming off their hinges.

Dr. S. (*Excitedly seizes Mr. B. by the arm, and walks him down C.*)

Quick! try your feet, use both of your legs,
Let me see your teeth, what is your age?

(*They stop, C. Dr. S. examines Mr. B's teeth a moment, then rising on his tip-toes, whispers something into Mr. B's ear.*)

Mr. B. (*R. C., delighted.*)
Good! I believe you. Do you feel quite sure?
Can aught be done to effect a cure?

Dr. S. (*C.*)
Answer first a few more questions,
Then listen after to my suggestions.

(*They take chairs from L. and place them C. and L. C.*)
(*Dr. S. sits L. C. Mr. B. sits C.*)

Do you feel a crawling-creeping,
When you wake up, just after sleeping?

Mr. B.
Yes, and a raking-scraping in my liver,
Enough to make a strong man shiver.

Dr. S. (*Excitedly drawing his chair nearer to Mr. B.*)
And a pouring-roaring in your ears,
Many sad thoughts and frequent fears?

Mr. B. (*Also, excitedly hitching up his chair.*)
Yes, and a twitching-itching down my legs
(*Placing his hands to his ears.*
And a muching-crunching as of eggs.

Dr. S. (*More excited.*)
A yanking-jerking at your spine?
First up, then down, and all the time?

Mr. B. (*Greatly excited.*)
A hurry-scurry in my brain
As if something crawled in, then out again.

Dr. S. (*Still more excited.*)
A crawling-rumbling?
A creeping-tumbling?
A wriggle-jiggle in your veins?
All sorts of aches, all sorts of pains?

Mr. B. (*Showing symptoms.*)
Most true, Oh, dear! my ear! Oh, zounds!
I hear, how queer, such sounds!

Now like the bursting of a big torpedo,
And now the boreing, boreing of a teredo,
And in my stomach a razzleum-dazzleum—

Dr. S. (*Interrupting.*)
Enough! You have them!
(*Both rise excitedly.*)
I can see it with one eye,
You are a perfect boarding-house for bacilli!
Alas! Alas! I see you're in their power,
A coma-bacillus multiplies a million in an hour!
Your tissues, membranes, linings are wasting all away,
By fermentation, ebullition, coagulation and decay.

Mr. B. (*With crazy delight.*)
I knew it! I knew it! Just what I have said,
It's a microbic state, not wheels in the head.
Oh, skillful man, you tell the truth,
I've always thought it from my youth.
My poor dead wife would ne'er believe it,
She died I'm sure of bacilli-fugit.

Dr. S.
Your Latin, Sir, is somewhat mixed,
But your other troubles can be fixed,
Now listen to me, without fear,
You'll be repaired within a year.

Mr. B.
What, after twenty years of pains and worry,
You'll make me whole in such a hurry?

Dr. S.
You shall be well in every muscle,
You pay the bills, I'll do the hustle.

Mr. B.
Most generous shall be the amount,
Free access to my bank-account.

Dr. S.
That must, of course, be your own election,
It surely agrees with my complexion.

Mr. B.

Then every microbe you can drive
From out my system, dead or live?

Dr. S.

Every form of life which pain entails,
Shall depart at once from your entrails.

Mr. B.

Most wonderful and learned man,
You shall have a chance to do it, if you can.

Dr. S. (*Producing a pocket medicine-case, takes a phial therefrom and gives it to Mr. B.*)

This is my Bacillus number 41,
Take one drop upon your tongue,
Take it when the gas you light,
Every other other Wednesday night.

Mr. B.

What add to the number of bacilli?
I can not understand the why.

Dr. S.

The principle is this, it can not err,
"*Similia, Similibus, Curantur.*"
This bacillus is like a ferret,
It's very safe, and of great merit.
All other microbes do from it run,
It is a terror to a bacterium.

Mr. B. (*Examining the phial.*)

Then from my system, as rats from a cellar.
Other germs will be driven by this fellow?

Dr. S.

That's it exactly, all around,
From ears to toe nails, he will bound,
Death to all germs is his battle-cry;
The most formidable of bacilli.

(*Producing another phial and giving it to Mr. B.*)

This is my Bacillus number 42,
And I will tell you what 'twill do.
It keeps its eye on 41, and when that microbe's work is done,

It starts up and begins to run,
And as it runs, it's sure to hollo,
And 41 will always follow.
Then from your system 42
Will cause his brother to pursue.
Why then, at last, it's plain to see,
From a horde of bacteria you are free.

Mr. B. (*Affectionately examining the phial.*)
When must I take your 42?

Dr. S.
Only on Saturdays, that will do.
Both 41 and 42
Are artificial cultures which I brew.
Each drop contains one germ, that's all,
They would keep much longer if in alcohol,
But they'd get tight, and in such condition
Could not be expected to perform their mission.
They live just one month by the clock,
And then are renewed by another drop.

Mr. B.
Man of most prodigious, mighty brain,
We n'er shall see your like again.
Consider me your friend for life,
Bring all your children and your wife;
I'll build for you a house and home,
A laboratory with a dome.

Dr. S. (*Aside.*)
I've made a hit, it's plain to see,
What wonderful credulity.

Mr. B.
Prithee, good doctor, our dinner waits.

(*Dr. S, after rubbing his own stomach, earnestly seizes Mr. B's hands.*)

Follow me to the salle à manger,
You shall be my guest distingué,

(*Mr. B. goes up to C. D. Dr. S. trots after him, with his usual mincing step. Exeunt both, C. D.*)

(*Enter Anti Septic, Anti Pyrine and Anti Dote, R. D.*)

Anti S. (*L., with nervous cough.*)

Ahem! Our poor brother must be crazy,

(*Anti P.* (*C., with deep voice, which is to be continued through the piece.*)

His wealth, I fear has made him lazy.

Anti D. (*R., with high sharp voice, which is to be continued through the piece.*)

That's it exactly, if he had to work,
He'd soon forget this peculiar quirk.

Anti S.

Ahem! When leisure comes with store of wealth,
We think forsooth, we're in poor health,
But while we labor for the pelf,
We have little time to think of self.

Anti P.

We make our fortunes and retire,
And then ourselves we do admire.
That we are smarter than our brother
Is the mighty idol we soon discover.

Anti D.

Upon a pedestal we place it high,
That all may worship who pass by,
And every sycophant bows and bends,
With naught in view but selfish ends.

Anti S.

Ahem! This constant study of ourselves,
If physical, and nothing else,
Adds not one virtue, not one merit
To the bunch of rubbish we inherit.

Anti P.

We note each pain, each every ache,
And drugs in quantities we take,
So that life's years of ten times seven
Are a rough and rugged road to heaven.

Anti D.

To heaven, you say, I fear it may
Be a road that leads the other way.

Anti S.

Ahem! Our poor dear brother so erratic.
Oft have I heard him say emphatic,
That he'd rather live in a back attic
Than suffer the ills of a microbatic.

Anti P.

We try to have his food nutritious,
He will not take it, he's so capricious.
Still he will eat and eat of cakes and pies,
But we all else must sterilize.

Anti D.

Was ever trial so severe?
But then to us he's very dear.
We still must bear it for a while,
Or else be cut off from his pile.

Anti S.

Ahem! Of course, of course, we must endure,
Perhaps this doctor him will cure,
But if he can not mend his health,
We'll share with pleasure his great wealth,

Anti P.

Yes, let him change our names again,
We'll find no fault, if ten times ten.
While there's no method in his madness.
We'll take it all as if in gladness.

Anti D.

You've reached, at last, a wise conclusion,
All else would be to our confusion.

Anti S.—Ahem!

(*All Exeunt L. D.*)

(*Enter Mike Crobe and Angina Pectoris, C. D. They walk forward.*)

Mike C. (*C.*)

Oi tells you Ann, yez are mistaken,
It comes from ating ham and bacon.
(*He looks wise.*)
Ages ago, in Asia-Minor,
'Twas common there to have trichina.

Angina P. (*L. C.*)

Now Mike, does yez say so?
And how does yez know?
Now what is your object
In desaving me so?

Mike C.

Oi would not desave you for all the world, Ann,
Now try and belave me, if iver you can.

Angina P.

Sure Mike, I'm not a very old timer,
But this I knows about Asia-Minor,
Within its borders was niver old China.

Mike C. (*In disgust.*)

Oh, ignorant ramus! phat do you mane?
Trichina and China were niver the same.

Angina P.

Trichina yez says? Thin, I mishundersthood,
He must have taken thim down while ating his food.

Mike C. (*Gazing at her with admiration.*)

You're right, my swate lass,
What quick comprehinsion;
And other good things,
Too numerous to mintion.

Angina P. (*Coyly.*)

Now Mike, don't flatter an honest girl, plase,
You're too foine altogither, Too Frenchy your ways.

Mike C. (*Indignantly.*)

Ivery bit of me's Irish, from me head to me foot,
And me father's name, 'fore me, was Daniel O'Rourke.

Angina P.

Thin how does it come that your name is now Crobe?
Oh, Michael! Oh, Michael! I fears you're a rogue.

Mike C. (*Taking her by the hand and leading her forward.*)

Hush! hush! and I'll tell yez, but you must promise to kape it,
For in this house, at laste, it is a family sacret.

Angina P.

Upon me sowil, as I am bidden,
Within me buzum it shall be hidden.
But it graves me sort of like
That, after all, yez are not Mike.

Mike C. (*Looking cautiously around.*)

Four years have come and passed away
Sence Oi wended hither one summer's day.
'Twas after woruck Oi was intint,
When through the garding gate Oi wint.

Now just fornenst me, pale as a ghost,
Sat Mr. Bacterium, shtill as a post.
Oi shook and thrembled and was running away,
Whin all at onst Oi heard him say:
"Come here," says he; I'll come, says Oi.
"At once," says he; To onst, says Oi;

And thin he asked me name and mission,
Why I'd intered his grounds without permission.

My name Oi said, is Pat O'Rourke,
I'm saking after some kind of woruck.
Now dearest, listen to me whole confission,
He said I'll employ you on one condition,
Your name, good Pat, Oi do not like,
Oi like far better the name of Mike.

Says Oi, for myself sor, the name of Pat
Sames much less Irish than the other that
You wish to change my name into,
But thin I'll take it, if it suits you.

"It's a bargain thin," says he to me,
"Your other name shall be, let's see—
Why Crobe, of course, thin the two togither
Will be Mike Crobe, foriver and iver."

Angina P.

Ah ! the poor master has microbes on the brain,
And would yez belave it, whin I came,
He insisted that I should change my name.

His son and daughter, and sisters three,
He has changed their names, as we all see,
They dares not cross him, 'cause he's rich,
So they sticks right to him like Burgundy pitch.
But thin agin, he's very nice,
And whin he dies, they'll git a slice.

Mike C.

A slice of him, or of his money?
Jist plase explain yezself, me honey.

Angina P.

None of yez nonsense, Pat O'Rourke,
A much better name than the one you've took,

Mike C. (*Anxiously looking around.*)

Now dear, to you Oi do appale
My real name niver to revale,
But tell me swatest, for love or money,
What your name is, my little bunny.

Angina P.

Oh, Pat! sure Mike, I mane,
My real name?—Why it's Kittie Shane.

Mike C. (*Placing his arm around Angina P., while they go R.*)

If our master hasn't desaved us,
Whin he dies, and money laves us,
We'll have a cozy home outside the city;
I'll be your Pat, and you my Kittie. (*Exeunt R.*)

ACT DROP.

ACT II.

On the lawn at Wigglesworth. Bacterium Mansion seen in the background on flat. Fountain up C. Shrubbery up R. C. Large vase with flowers up R. Ditto up L. 2 Garden Settees R. Ditto L. Camp-stool down R. Ditto down L.

(*Cerebro and Bacterianna enter, R.*)

Cerebro (*C.*)

All goes well. The doctor's wise,
We soon shall open our father's eyes,
Follies he'll see are not his alone,
And in our sufferings, forget his own.

Bacterianna (*R. C.*)

If we can but awaken his emotions,
So that he'll transfer to us his curious notions,
Forget himself, our ills deplore,
A strong point sure we then shall score.

Cerebro (*Looking off L.*)

Here come your aunts; one, two, three,
And others too, I think I see.

Bacterianna (*Looking off L.*)

Yes Parotitis and Bella Donna.

Cerebro.

Let us retire behind the corner.
(*They step behind shrubbery at back of stage.*)

(*Enter L. Anti S., Anti P. and Anti D., also, Parotitis and Bella Donna.*)

Anti S. (*R.*)

Ahem! We've arrived on time, my sisters two,
Now what are we expected to do?

Anti P. (*C.*)

Each to feign illness must endeavor,
Can I tell a lie? No, never! never!

Anti D. (*L. C.*)
I never can do it, I am sure,
And how can a lie effect a cure?

Parotitis. (*L.*)
It's honest deception, my dear aunt,
Your brother may die, if you say you can't.

Bella D. (*L.*)
Yes, it is the only thing that can now be done,
So the doctor relies on every one.

Anti S.
Ahem! To tell three lies us three may kill,
But if we must,—why then we will.

Anti P.
Sisters, we must never waver,
This brother has done us many a favor.

Anti D.
And many more, we expect, forsooth;
In this, at least, we tell the truth.

Parotitis.
Full instructions the doctor'll give,
Ah, here he comes, as I do live.

(*Enter Dr. Sapience L. U. E. With mincing steps he hurries down the stage, followed by Cerebro and Bacterianna.*)

Dr. Sapience (*C. raising hat.*)
Good morning ladies, Ah! Bacterium Junior!
I hope I find you in good humor.
Are you all here? (*Counting*) Two servants I have seen,
Who can help us greatly, I do ween.
To me familiar names they both possess,
Mike Crobe and Angina Pectoris.

Mike Crobe (*From without.*)
This way, this way Miss Ann.

Dr. S. (*Looking off* 2 *E. R.*)

Here they come as fast as they can.
Faithful servants both woman and man.
Now, if you please,
You'll be seated at ease,
Upon these settees.

(*They all take seats, Anti S., Anti P., Anti D. on the same settee.*)

(*Enter, hurriedly, Mike Crobe and Angina Pectoris,* 2 *E. R. Mike bows, taking off his hat, and Angina courtesies.*)

Good morning Michael, good morning Ann,
You're just in time to hear my plan.
Miss Pectoris, here's a chair,
And Michael, you sit there.

(*Angina sits on camp-stool, R. and Mike sits on camp-stool, L.*)

Angina P. (*Aside.*)

Faith, such an honor to me is very rare,
In me mistress' prisince, to take a chair.

Mike C. (*Aside.*)

This doctor, be gorrah! makes me fale like a fool,
Me manners says sthand up, get off the stool.

Dr. S. (*Part way up C., facing audience.*)

Now ladies and gentlemen give me your attention,
I'll soon relieve your apprehension.
First let me say that my pathology
Requires no excuse and no apology.
Deception, now and then,
Is relished by the sickest men,
Particularly in such an abnormal case,
Dishonesty is a thing of grace.
So have no conscientious twinges,
A good man's life on our action hinges.

Mr. Cerebro Spinal Meningitis,
The part assigned to you St. Vitus is,
Or St. Vitus' Dance, to be more proper,
Quite the thing for a would be doctor.
As a medical student, you know how it's engendered,
So, of course, your part will be finely rendered.

Miss Bacterianna Bacterium,
At first, I thought to have you dumb,
But as this would be cruelty to your sex,
I'll give to you a part-complex.

Your father's symptoms, you must duplicate,
Do so at once, don't hesitate.
Each complaint or cry, each groan or sigh
To imitate, at once you try.

On you, I greatly do rely
To draw upon his sympathy.
For you, he can not help but grieve,
He will not see that you deceive.

His love for you is very great,
He'll nibble first, then take the bait,
For you he'll worry, forget himself,
In sorrow for your failing health.

Parotitis, you will please change your fluent manner,
And, for the good of the cause, will endeavor to stammer.
Your father, no doubt, when he hears you mutter,
Will name the bacillus which makes you stutter.

And then he'll watch you with much attention,
And talk as if at a medical convention;
He knows too much of this microbic thing;
It's stuff and nonsense to a man like him.

It's bad enough for a physician,
And scares him out of his religion.
For a miscrobe is a pirate and a nihilist,
Of all creeping creatures, he's the vilest,
And found, no matter in what region,
He is a devil, and his name is legion.

And now I have the honor,
To talk to you, Miss Bella Donna.
You will please attend your cousin, fair,
And bestow upon her the utmost care.

But, ever and anon, you will
Be taken with a sudden chill.
You'll disregard your uncle's gaze,
But act your part in the family craze.

Miss Septic, would you like to be an epileptic?
Miss Pyrine, what would you prefer to die in?
Miss Dote, you might cough and sneeze and choke.

How would you like to play the parts of furies, three?
Microbic, this may not seem to be;
Wait patiently, you soon will see.
Act well your parts, keep your eye on me.

Now, Miss Angina Pectoris, are you up in art?
Your name suggests an affair of the heart.
You first must be jolly,
Afterwards quite melancholy.
A nervous disease in fits and starts,
So you will play in two good parts.

Michael, my boy, as you're a good actor,
I shall use you as an important factor;
You shall be deaf, but by no means dumb,
But be judicious in the use of your tongue.

I see Mr. Bacterium coming this way,
And as now I've said all I have to say,
Kindly withdraw while he approaches.
(*Pondering.*) I think we'll cure him.—That's my prognosis.

(*All exeunt, L., but Dr. Sapience. Enter Mr. Bacterium, R.*)

Mr. B. (*R.*)
Ah, doctor, I am glad to see you,
For I'm more comfortable when I'm near you.
I feel your Bacillus number 41
Now leisurely crawling through my lung.

Dr. S. (*C., Much pleased.*)
Indeed, indeed, how can you tell?
It should be rushing round pell-mell.
Perhaps upon another microbe it is sneaking,
In a moment later, it may be leaping.

Mr. B. (*Suddenly placing hand on breast.*)
I think you're right,
Simply deploying for a fight.
Ah! Oh! (*Raising foot.*)
Now the microbe's down in my toe.

Dr. S. (*Excited.*)
Yes, 41 is running after him with a gun,
How 42 must enjoy the fun.

Mr. B. (*Seizing his stomach.*)
Now in my stomach they all do swarm,
It's not unlike an equinoctial storm,
(*In agony.*) I wish, good doctor, I never was born.

Dr. S.
Patience! Our friend Bacterius Furiosus,
Is after them with jaw-ferocious.
There! there! You're easy again,
Probably ten thousand he has slain.

Mr. B. (*Anxiously.*)
But doctor, to what length
Can I rely upon my strength?
Will it not give out in some like way,
All at once, as the "One Hoss Shay?"

Dr. S.
Fear not, forget yourself, try to be merry,
You're not altogether to blame, for 'tis hereditary.

Mr. B. (*Much interested.*)
Hereditary, how can that be?
Please explain, I can not see.

Dr. S.
Thy daughter, sir, in a less degree,
Has the same affliction which troubles thee.
Thy son of deadly toxines is not void—
Ptomains, Albuminoids and Alkaloid.

Mr. B.
Horrors! quite impossible, can it be
They inherit all these things from me?

Dr. S.

Your son's trouble is confined to the tongue,
Far less dangerous than if the lung;
'Tis not your fault entirely, but goes way back,
For your sisters of symptoms do not lack.
Your niece, also, is far from well,
The whole family is under the spell.
Now your constant mention of your ills,
Has great control upon their wills.

Of course imagination has much to do
With each of them, as well as you.
The imagination is so queer,
That even well persons who daily hear
Of your pains and aches, in great fear are,
That they too have bacteria.
Now, your son in law that is to be, and your servants, too,
Are proofs of what the mind will do.
Their sympathy for you has got so high
They are beginning to show symptoms of bacilli.

Mr. B.

What have I done? What a cruel fate!
Can they not be cured? Is it now too late?

Enter Bacterianna, unobserved, L. U. E. Mr. Bacterium goes into another paroxysm, seizing his head.

Dr. S. (*Aside.*)

Another fit, just for digression,
Probably an attack of indigestion.

Mr. B.

My head! my head! Oh, how it aches!
My brain! it seethes! it stews! it bakes!

Bacterianna (*Coming down L., clutching her hair.*)

Oh, father! my head too!
I do not know what I shall do!
My brain is 'scaloped, fried and fricasseed!
My eyes are full of mustard seed!
Those crawling, jumping bacilli
Are killing me, I'll surely die.

Mr. B. (*Gazing with amazement and pity.*)

Poor child! Can it be possible that you too
Must suffer the tortures that I do?

Bacterianna (*L.*)

Dear father give no thought to me,
Your sufferings I so often see,
That they are becoming a part of me.
For weeks, I've felt each pang which you've endured,
Without a hope of being cured.

Mr. B. (*Imploringly.*)

Oh, wise and wonderous physician,
Just place yourself in my position;
Naught count my pains, my ills,
Give me no bactericide—no pills,
But my child, my daughter,
Save her from this awful slaughter!

Dr. S.

I'll do my best for her and you,
You occupy the self same pew,
Too much she dwells on your condition,
To cure you both shall be my mission.
But without your help, I'm sure to fail,
See how she looks! so very pale.

Bacterianna (*Wildly.*)

Doctor, I feel them creeping o'er me,
Never to health can you restore me;
They multiply a million an hour,
My cure is far beyond your power.
Good bye, dear father, doctor dear,
I'll get me gone and out of here;
To some dark cavern will I hie,
Forget my sorrows, and try to die.
(*She rushes off L.*)

Mr. B.

Oh, save her doctor, I implore,
I should have known this long before;
Hasten quickly, as you hope for wealth,
She may do an injury to herself.

Dr. S. (*Hastening L., with mincing steps.*)
Zounds! Your fears have grounds!
I'll after her in bounds! in bounds!
(*Aside.*) How well she plays her little part,
She reached his feelings at the start. (*Exit L.*)

Mr. B. (*Greatly alarmed.*)
This doctor's statement is most appalling,
If the scourge upon us all is falling,
My whole household, sisters, daughter, son,
Niece, servants and every one.

Alas! I fear that I'm to blame,
I've dwelt to much on every pain;
Those parasites have driven me wild,
And I've forgot my duty to my child.

But as to the others, in my estimation,
It simply is an hallucination;
With them it comes from too much dwelling
Upon my foolish groans and incessant yelling.

(*Pondering.*) A thought strikes me as never before,
Doesn't the same charge come to my own door?
My own mind is constantly dwelling
Upon every ail and every swelling.

Their symptoms with my own, I now will study,
But I must not mention it to anybody.
Microbes on them, I must not engraft,
This doctor must save us from going daft.

Enter Cerebro (*L.*), *twitching with St. Vitus' Dance.*

Cerebro.
My dear friend, all in a trice,
I come to ask of you advice,
Tell me the sensation, or the feeling
Produced by bacilli o'er you stealing.
(*He writhes.*)

I've watched your sufferings a long time
Until your symptoms I think are mine.
There's not a wiggle, writhe or twist
Known to mankind, which I have missed.
(*He writhes.*)

In these arms, beginning with the shoulders,
The microbes are gathering like an army of soldiers.
Now help me! help me! if in your power,
Or I'm a dead man within an hour! (*He writhes.*)

Mr. B. (*Shuddering.*)

Desist! desist! I say it emphatic!
Calm yourself, be less dramatic!

Cerebro (*Jerking and twisting in all directions.*)

Impossible; why can't you see
That I have got a move on me?
Tell me how those little creatures
Can distort, and haul, and change my features.

Mr. B. (*Trying to calm him.*)

There! there! In all my experience, never a germ
Could cause me thus to twist and turn.
No bacillus could make you thus to prance,
It's a plain case of St. Vitus' Dance.

Cerebro (*Again in motion.*)

Dear sir, I do affirm
All disease comes from a germ.
I feel them gathering from every quarter,
The horde is preparing for great slaughter.

Mr. B.

Nonsense! It's but a mental freak,
Come, come poor fellow, you're very weak.
You've watched my symptoms with too much concern,
Now give your mind some other turn.

Cerebro.

My dearest sir, it's not a mental-notion,
But a clear case of perpetual motion. (*Writhes.*)
To-day the bacilli are most atrocious,
Their appetite is now ferocious. (*Writhes.*)

Mr. B. (*Endeavoring to soothe him.*)

Now! now! 'tis all imagination,
There's no necessity for this gyration.
My dear boy, I know best,
All you need is a little rest.
Come to the house, the doctor's there,
Place yourself, at once, within his care.

Cerebro (*Violently excited.*)

Avaunt! I can't!
I wont! I shan't!
I know, I know 'tis
A Bacillus-Typhosis!
I'm dragged by force,
As by a horse!
Don't try to stop me, I must go!
I'll take no advice from friend or foe!

(*With many twitches, hurries up stage and off R. U. E.*)

Mr. B. (*Wringing his hands.*)

Alas! alas! Oh! oh! oh!
Am I responsible for all this woe?
And he so young, so bright and intellectual,
With a motive-power which seems perpetual!
(*Holding up his foot and seizing his shin.*)
Again I feel them climbing up my shins!
And now they're in my eyelid rims!
Now in my elbows! Now in my knees!
They are everywhere, like a swarm of bees.
(*Calling aloud, and walking up and down stage.*)
Mike! Mike! Call quick the doctor!
Bring me a fan, and a glass of water!
Where is my phial of 41?
Ah, here it is, I must take some.
(*Produces phial and touches it to his tongue.*)

(*Enter Mike Crobe, R.*)

Mike C.

Master, did you call?
Oi can scarcely hear at all—at all.
Something has come over me all at onct,
And Oi fales as stupid as a dunce.

Mr. B. (*Looking amazed.*)

What you poor Michael, too!
Has the plague caught onto you?
Are things really what they seem,
Or am I only in a dream?

Mike C. (*Placing his hand to his ear.*)
A little louded, sor, Oi pray,
Oi can hardly hear a word to-day.

Mr. B.
Yes, on you too they have got a gripe,
Through your thick hide, my poor boy Mike.

Mike C.
Ride a bike? No Sor,
But like everybody,
Oi sometimes rides a hobby.

Mr. B. (*Producing small medicine case and looking over bottles.*)
How very deaf, poor thing!
You need at once some medicine.
What shall I give you? Do you know how to choose some? (*Extending medicine case.*)

Mike C. (*Taking it.*)
No sor, Oi never chews gum.

Mr. B. (*Impatiently.*)
Choose some,
Not chew gum!

Mike C. (*Putting case into his pocket.*)
Lose them, indade sor, no,
Where do you wish to have thim go?

Mr. B. (*Taking case from him.*)
Now look here Mike, that case is mine,
You do not understand a single time.

Mike C. (*Bowing.*)
Oi begs yez parding, I'm greatly fearin',
That I'm beginnin' to lose my hearin'.

Mr. B.
Beginning? I should say 'twere done,
You must take something. It must not run.
(*Sits down on camp-stool, R. and points to camp-stool, L.*)
Tell me when it commenced, take a seat—

Mike C. (*Interrupting, and looking stupidly at his feet.*)
Big feet? Well somephat, rather,
Oi inherited thim from me father.

Mr. B. (*Nervously.*)

I said nothing about you feet,
What I said was *take a seat.*

Mike C. (*Taking up camp-stool, L.*)

Oh, yis. Oi see. Am Oi losing my wit?
Oi can't understand a divil a bit.
Where, kind sor, would you have me take it?
Don't look so hard, Oi surely wont ate it!

Mr. B. (*Quite loud, and exasperated.*)

Can't you hear me when I shout?
What in the world are you thinking about?
Be either alive, or else be dead,
But don't act like a chowder-head!

Mike C. (*Putting his hand to his ear.*)

Did yez invite me to take some chowder?
Oi really wish that you'd spake louder.

Mr. B. (*Aside.*)

I believe I'm a monster, and am responsible for his condition,
How many I've ruined! Think of my position!
I'm beginning to believe it's all a lie,
And there's no such thing as bacilli.

Mike C. (*Imploringly.*)

My dear Mr. Bacterium, can Oi spake to yez onct?
Oi thinks in my brains somethin' is takin' a lunch.
Many times and oft, I heard yez say
There are small craters that live that way.

Now I've heard it so much, that I've thought it over,
And at last, Oi belaves that Oi discover
That these varmints meself are trying to smother;
Now, Oi besache yez to help me, *Oi has no mother.*

Oi belaves they crawls into one ear, thin through my brain,
Thin from the other ear comes out again.
Now tell me truly, are these symptoms like your own?
If so, (*Excited.*) *phat in the world can now be done?*

Mr. B.

Dear fellow, don't show so much alarm,
They'll not do you any harm.
Every one has them, good and bad,
Don't you know its all the fad?

Mike C.

Fad did yez say? It sounds that way,
What kind of a thing is thot, Oi pray?

Mr. B.

Well a fad is a—Oh, horrors! here's my neice,
Who is another victim of my caprice.
They say her trouble is fever and chills,
I'll give to her some quinine pills.
(*Much vexed.*)
I suppose she too thinks, its crawling-creepers.
I'll hire a dozen insane-keepers.
Crawling-creepers or creeping-crawlers,
Such mere trifles shall not appall us.
(*Reflecting.*) Still the fact must be confessed,
N'er was a family so possessed.

(*Enter Bella Donna, hurriedly, R. She goes to Mr. B. and kneels.*)

Bella Donna.

My dearest uncle, I wish to say,
From this place I'd haste away.
Would that I had wings,
To fly from bacilli and things!

Mike C.

Would that Oi were a balloon,
I'd sail, at onct, up to the moon.

Bella D. (*Seized with a chill, R. C.*)

Oh, my! I feel a chill,
I'll freeze! I know I will!

Mike C. (*Shaking.*)

Oi feels a shiver
Way through my liver!

Bella D. (*Shivering.*)

To think that I must die of bacilli!
To save me not a single soul will try.
What a terrible death for me is chosen,
Like lemon-ice to be frozen!—frozen!

Mike C. (*Aside.*)

Poor Miss Bella Donna,
Bedad! she's sure a goner.
The poor child's in a frenzy,
It's a clear case of influenzy.

Mr. B.

Come my dear, you must have more will,
It's nothing but a simple chill.

Bella D.

For many years, forgetting self,
I've tried to nurse you back to health;
But now, when I'm so very ill,
I'm told it's nothing but a chill.

I've watched your symptoms night and day,
Sorrowed for your sufferings I could not allay;
At last, the bacillus has got me too,
I feel so bad! What shall I do? (*She weeps.*)

Mr. B. (*Greatly affected.*)

Another victim! Always good and kind,
Something must be done, or she'll lose her mind.

Bella D. (*Pleading.*)

Uncle, uncle, don't let me die!
You can save me, if you try.

Mr. B. (*Hurriedly producing pocket-case and giving her a powder.*)

Yes, yes, I think that I can fix it,
Take this powder, in water mix it.
Hasten, don't delay,
You should take it right away.

Bella D.

I'll do anything you think I ought *er*,
How much powder and how much water?

Mr. B.

Run to the house, lose no time,
It is a powder called quinine.
See the doctor, he can tell
Just how much will make you well.

(*Bella D., shivering, hurries up stage and off L. U. E.*)
(*Mr. B. walks up and down, greatly agitated.*)

Mike C. (*Going R.*)

Oi belaves me master will soon have enough
Of this microbe kind of stuff.

Mr. B. (*Still walking.*)

These people, sure, will drive me wild!
But I'd nearly forgotten about my child.
The doctor by this time should be back,
I'll follow after in his track.

(*He hurries up L., but is met by Anti S. and Anti P., who enter* 2 *E. L.*)

Anti D. (*Enters, R. Mr. B. returns.*)

Sisters have you heard what's taken place?
It means destruction to our race!

(*Anti S. and Anti P. wildly seize Mr. B. by the arms and walk him to R. Cor.*)

(*Anti D. wildly seizes Mike C. and walks him to L. Cor.*)

The three Antis in concert.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! We three furies are!
Our principal diet is bacteria!

Anti S. (*Clearing throat.*)

Ahem! For breakfast, we have microbes fried in batter,
And we are growing fatter! and fatter!

Anti P.

And for our lunch,
We have bacilli in our punch!
As a family group,
We have micro-organisms in our soup!

Anti D.

For dinner what we like most
Is a broiled bacteriologist on our toast.

Mike C. (*Looking frightened.*)

Oi belaves, dear Madam,
That indade you have them,
Kindly relase your loving grasp,
Oi prefers a less affectionate clasp.

Mr. B. (*Breaking away, and in great alarm, going C.*)

Mike! Mike! These are new features!
What can be done with these poor creatures?
To an asylum all they shall be carried,
Would that they long ago were married!

(*Anti S., Anti P. and Anti D. scream, and seizing Mike C., hurry him up the stage. Mike C. is terribly frightened. Angina P. enters, 2 E. R.*)

Angina P. (*R.*)

Oh, plase good ladies, let him be!
Don't take me Mike, away from me!
(*Mike breaks away and runs to Angina.*)

Mike C. (*R.*)

They are crazy, one and all,
You should have heard thim scrame and squall!
(*Mike C. embraces Angina.*)

Mr. B. (*Indignantly, going L.*)

Michael! let this never again occur!

Mike C. (*Placing his hand to his ear.*)

Plase spake a little louder sor!

(*Anti S., Anti P. and Anti D. scream and swoop down upon Mr. B. and seizing him are about to drag him off, when they are met by Parotitis, who enters, L. Mr. B. releases himself and goes C.—Exeunt, L., Anti S., Anti P. and Anti D.*)

Mr. B. (*C., Excitedly.*)

Be they fiends or furies, or be they cranks,
I'll have no more of their foolish pranks!
If they ever do this thing again,
I'll have them bound together with a ball and chain!

Parotitis. (*L.*)

Far-far-far-father, why this up-up-up-uproar?
Der-der-don't get so excited, I im-im-implore!

Mr. B. (*Furious.*)

Uproar? It's tumult! bustle! confusion!
Pandemonium! Sheol!—No illusion!

Parotitis.

I-I-I know, ber-ber-but they are fer-fer-full of mi-mi-microbes, like you and me,
They ner-ner-ner-know not wha-wha-what they do, and car-car-can't you see?

Angina P.

These microbes,—what you call thim,—have taken possession,
Of you and me, and the whole procession.

Parotitis.

Yer-yer-yer-yes, they have ger-ger-got me right by the ter-ter-ter-tongue,
Which is qui-qui-qui-quite as bad as the liv-liv-liver or ler-ler-ler-lung.
You have always tau-tau-tau-taught me of such things,
And now they have ta-ta-ta-taken me under their we-we-we-wings.

Angina P.

Some makes me mournful, sad and melancholy,
And others tickles me; thin I'm jolly.
Alas! poor Mike quite fable grows,
They're in his ears, they're in his nose.
(*Smoothing Mike's hair.*)

Mike C. (*To Angina P.*)

They have bored and pulled and thwisted this ear
Until now it's impossible for it to hear.
Bedad! Oi wish you would louder spake,
For the other ear is very wake.

Mr. B. (*Aside, sadly.*)

And I'm responsible! See what I've wrought!
Of no one but myself I've thought,
I've studied too much this bacteriology,
I'm through forever with anthropology!

Come with me son, a change of scene
May bring us back to health again.
That we ourselves do often deceive,
I'm beginning gradually to believe.

We'll off at once to the salt air,
We'll steal away from the microbe's lair.
The summer months shall there be spent,
And the ingenious bacillus, we'll circumvent.

Parotitis.

In the doc-doc-doctor we'll have re-re-reliance,
And show the ger-ger-germs a strong de-de-defiance.
To he-he-he-him we'll make ap-ap-ap-appliance
For the bes-bes-best remedies known to sci-sci science.

(*Exeunt Mr. B. and Parotitis, L.*)

Mike C.

Ann, did you hear the master, phat he said?
He thinks we're dying and nearly dead.
To the say-shore he'll take us, dearest Ann,
Where we'll pursue the festive clam.

Angina P.

But Michael, I've had no chance to play me part,
I had great hopes to make me mark.

Mike C..

Don't be impatient, wait 'till we rache
The sandy shore of Long Branch Bache.

Angina P. (*Alarmed.*)

But phat if he should have a notion
To drown us all in the Atlantic Ocean?

Mike C.

The frake of a crazy man, perhaps it's so,
We'll think of it twice before we go.

(*Exeunt, R.*)

ACT DROP.

ACT III.

Beach at Long Branch. The Sun rising. A few vessels and a steamer seen in the distance sailing from R. to L. A row-boat containing two fishermen goes by near the shore, from L. to R. The fishermen are singing: "A Life on the Ocean Wave." Small rock near water, R. Mr. Bacterium discovered back of stage looking through telescope off to sea. After the boat gets by, Mr. B. goes forward. Steamers and vessels, in the distance, occasionally sail by during the entire act.

Mr. B. (*Sadly.*)

The ocean ebbs and flows,
But my poor child no better grows.
'Tis now a month since we came here,
She's growing worse, I greatly fear.

My own health, how strange to say,
Is getting better every day.
I have less dread of the terrible germ,
And seldom now have a microbe turn.

But when I have one, 'tis more severe,
And if my daughter then is near,
She's seized at once with the same feeling,
Her sufferings then are heart appealing.

My entire household now is with me,
I pray that each one may forgive me.
Their afflictions all were caused by my example,
But my punishment has now been ample.

Since we arrived the bacilli have held high carnival,
They stick to each one like a barnacle;
But the doctor says he has them in control,
And will save each person, body and soul.

(*Enter Dr. Sapience, L. He hastens in his usual manner to L. C.*)

Dr. Sapience.

Ah, friend Bacterium you're up bright and early,
Are you prepared for the daily hurly-burly?
I've been my rounds, all the patients seen,
I find their condition,—well—betwixt and between.

Mr. B. (*Anxiously.*)
My daughter, sir?

Dr. S.
Be not so anxious. my kind friend,
For I assure you, in the end,
She will improve as you do mend.
If you are well, she too will be,
Her case is one of sympathy.

Mr. B.
I know it doctor, I'd give much gold,
If my feelings could be better controlled;
But I believe I'm improving some, at least,
(*Confidentially in a deep voice.*)
There are fewer parasites at the feast.

Dr. S. (*Aside.*)
Poor fellow, he is doing well, but yet a little off,
(*Touches head.*)
Still more likely to be cured than a consumptive-cough.
We are bringing him gradually into line,
A cure to be permanent takes some time.
(*To Mr. B., placing a powder on his tongue.*)
I wish to give to you a tonic-bracer,
For if I'm correct with my morning's tracer,
Our patients to-day will cause much trouble;
I believe the cauldron will boil and bubble.

As I've just come from off my rounds,
I for my opinion have good grounds.
Their imaginations to-day are working high,
It's your own old crankism—bacilli.

Mr. B.
Oh, I dread their actions, but I'll try to endure,
And, as promised, will help you to effect their cure;
For certainly most of their ills myself created,
I deserve to be loathed, despised and hated.
(*They retire to back of stage.*)

(*Enter, R. Mike C. and Angina P., both arrayed in very fantastic bathing-suits.*

Mike C. (*Going C.*)

Ann, my darlint, these bathin' suits are moighty foine,
How the people stare at us, all the time.

Angina P. (*R. C.*)

Their rudness is phat I calls an imposition,
The offspring of an invious disposition.

Mike C.

Yis, be gorrah! They invy us our excellent taste,
But they moight be civil, to say the laste.
(*Mr. B. and Dr. S. come forward laughing.*)

Dr. S. (*L. C.*)

Well, Michael how fine you do appear,
Can you hear any better with that ear?

Mike C. (*Placing hand to ear.*)

Sor, did you say that Oi looks queer?
(*Turning to Angina.*)
Plase tell me phat he said, my dear.

Dr. S.

Now Michael, turn and face the ocean,
Watch my lips, observe their motion.
I did not say that you look queer,
I asked you simply about your ear.

Mike C.

Plase say it agin in my off-ear,
Oi thinks Oi thin may be able to hear.

Dr. S. (*Taking out medicine-case.*)

Here my poor fellow, take this trituration,
It's sure to work like an inspiration.
(*He pulls down Mike's chin and empties a powder into his mouth.*)

Mr. B. (*L.*)

Doctor, what seems to be the young woman's ailment?
Does it admit of a curtailment?

Dr. S.

Look! While you speak, the spell is working,
See! Her eyes and nose and ears are jerking!
(*Angina seized with a fit of wild laughter.*)

Mr. B. (*Who has been greatly concerned, when she subsides slightly.*)

Great Julius Cæsar!
Give her something, if you can, to ease her!

Angina P. (*Taken with a melancholy turn.*)

Kind gintlemen, pity! oh, pity! me sorrows,
I pray,
All is darkness! not a single bright ray!

Mr. B. (*Nervously excited.*)

Poor thing! Doctor give her a sedative,—morphine!
opium! anything!—squills!
Ipecac! paregoric!—something in liquid, powder or
pills!

Angina P. (*R. C.*)

Ha! ha! ha! Now they tickles me under the arum!
Ha! ha! ha! they've gone! A false alarum!
(*She goes C. Mike C. goes to R.*)

Dr. S. (*Giving her a package of powders, and emptying one on her tongue.*)

Take these powders at your leisure,
When the microbes try to tease you.

Mike C. (*Striking an attitude.*)

Take a powder on yez tongue,
Whin the varmint's in your lung.

Mr. B. (*Raising his hands in horror.*)

Alas! And am I too responsible for such verses?
Then I deserve much execration, many curses.

Mike C.

Place the powder on the microbe's tail,
Thin to catch him yez can not fail.

Mr. B. (*Exasperated.*)

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Dr. Sapience this is———tremendous!

Angina P. (*Looking over her package of powders.*)
Michael, me b'y, will yez have a powder?

Mike C.
Phat's thot? Plase spake a little louder.

Angina P. (*Solemnly.*)
Louder is it ye'd hev me spake?
Hist! Did ye know it? We're at a wake!

Say these divils a walking round!
Hear their loud scrache! What a terrible sound!
(*Laughs madly.*) Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Mr. B. (*Seized with horror.*)
Dr. Sapience! As you're a man,
Cure this female, if you can!
She drives me mad!—By the Great Mogul,
Take her and repair her skull!

Dr. S.
Sir, I will, it shall be done,
Consider the job already begun.

Mr. B. (*Seizing his head in confusion and rushing L.*)
Oh! oh! oh!
Come doctor, let us go!

(*Exit, L. Dr. Sapience trots after him.*)

(*Mike and Angina, laughing, dance to L. and then back to R.*)

Mike C.
Oh, loveliest of wimming,
We'll to the bache and go in swimming.

Angina P.
All right, 'tis now jist seving,
I'm excused from work until eleving.

(*Exeunt Mike and Angina, R.*)

(*Enter, 2 E. L., Parotitis, and Bacterianna leaning on Bella Donna, who leads her to small rock, R. All are in bathing suits.*)

Bella D.

There cousin, rest you on this stone,
You'll not be left here long alone,
For yonder comes Cerebro, and I am ill,
I'm about to have another chill.

Bacterianna.

Go to the boat-house, which is close by,
Where in the hammock you can lie;
Nothing there will keep you awake,
Unless, perchance, you have a shake.
(*She sits down on rock and looks off to sea.*)

Parotitis.

Ba-ba-ba-bathe your head in the salt water,
And ta-ta-take within something hot-hot-hotter.
Le-le-lean on me cousin Bell-Bell-Bella,
You'll fi-fi-fi-find me a good pro-pro-pro-propeller,
(*Kicks the ground with his foot as he gets the last word out.*)

Bella D.

Oh, Parry, how I shiver and shake,
All last night I lay awake,
Icicles coursed through all my veins,
I took of quinine at least ten grains.

Parotitis (*Petting her.*)

There der-der-dear, how nice 't must seem,
Every ni-ni-night, when you do dream,
To the-the-think you are ice-cream.

Bella D. (*Shivering.*)

Parry! Parry! You are too cruel,
I need something hot, a bowl of gruel.

Parotitis.

Bell-Bell-Bella, you talk like a fu-fu-fuil,
When you ask for such stuff as gru-gru-gruel.
Wha-wha-what you need is a whis-whis-whiskey tod-tod-toddy,
It's sure to warm almost any bod-bod-bod-body.
(*Kicks the ground.*)

Bella D.

This crusade on the microbes does not pay,
They're sure to beat us in some way.
Why did I not stop and count the cost,
Before selling myself to old Jack Frost?
(*She shivers.*)

Parotitis.

We're two unfortunate vic-vic-victims.
Poo-poo-poor Bell-Bell-Bella,
I'm nothing but a stam-stam-stam-stammering fell-fell-feller.
I puck-puck-pucker my mouth to ut-ut-utter,
And all I can do is to stut-stut-stut-stutter.
(*He kicks the ground.*)

Bella D. (*Her teeth chattering.*)

But still we love each other, don't we Parry?
And when this spell is over, we will marry.
We'll both return to our former condition,
And you'll cease your constant repetition.

(*Exeunt Parotitis and Bella Donna, R.*)

(*Enter Cerebro, in bathing-suit, L.*)

Cerebro (*Writhing.*)

My love, can you doubt my devotion?
It is attested by my every motion.
(*Twists and turns.*)

Bacterianna (*Rising from rock.*)

Ha! ha! ha! a most ardent lover,
Not a difficult matter to discover.

Cerebro (*C.*)

Permit me to enquire as to your bacterial friends,
To know that they're with you requires no lens.
I think your father's cure is nearly effected,
The doctor's wisdom should be highly respected.

Bacterianna. (*R.*)

Indeed it should be, and as to my microbic friends,
I shall part with them gladly when this drama ends.
What if they should stay by us all our lives?
I should scratch out both of the doctor's eyes.

Cerebro. (*Gyrating.*)

It is getting to be a serious work,
For at ordinary times I twist and jerk.
Without a thought of playing or acting,
I find myself a filling and backing.

For instance to-day, I raised my hat
To a lady friend,—nothing strange in that,
But off flew my hand in a tangent-curve;
This acting business is killing my nerve.

I'm losing control of my facial action,
If I continue much longer, I shall be an attraction.
Already the urchins, as I pass by,
Grin at each other with a wink of the eye.

Bacterianna.

And I too, unconsciously do,
Much the same as stated by you.
Although my troubles are of a different kind,
I find this acting affects my mind.

Cerebro. (*Seized with a paroxysm.*)

Dearest maiden in bathing vestures,
Note, oh, note my many gestures.
My love for you is no mere notion,
But is as broad as this great ocean.

Bacterianna.

Press not thy suit, it would be mean
Until things are more like what they seem.
Love's mission fails in sea-shore robes,
When lovers are infested by miscrobes.

Cerebro.

But then dear angel in swimming attire,
I love you much, you much admire.
Shall a few bacteria quench this fire?
They should not enervate, but should inspire.
(*He writhes.*)

Bacterianna. (*Taken again.*)

"Fe! fi! fo! fum!
They come! they come!
Up and down I feel them run!

Cerebro (*Pointing to Bacterianna.*)

Fresh importation, large arrival and new stock.
(*Seizing his sides.*)
I too! "Hickory! dickery! dock!"
(*He writhes.*)

Bacterianna.

To think that my father and other relations
Are now all having these sensations,
Him first to imitate we try,
But we are punished well for every lie.

Cerebro.

Microbic maiden, I still adore thee!
Wilt be my wife? I do implore thee!
What care I for a few bacilli?
I'll be your slave until I die.

Bacterianna (*Wildly.*)

Dearest Cerebro-Spinal-Meningitis,
I've swallowed a ton of iron-pyrites!
A cord of nettles, briers, thorns, thistles, brambles,
A dozen pick-axes and their handles;
My blood is boiling in my veins,
Away vile demons from my brains!
(*Rushes forward followed by Cerebro.*)

Cerebro (*Excitedly, C.*)

Hold! dearest one, be resolute! be firm!
Yield not one inch to the obstreperous germ!
Such imaginations you should spurn,
Out with them, trample on them, as you would a worm!

Bacterianna (*R. C.*)

Oh, Cerebro! Cerebro if love me you do,
You must love my micro-organisms too;
They now have become a part of myself,
They are a part of my assets, part of my wealth.

Cerebro (*Writhing.*)

I am prepared to accept the whole shooting-match,
Full long have I been a lonely old bach.

I'll take the whole lot, there shall not be a hitch,
But pardon me a moment, while I stop for a twitch.
(*Twitches violently.*)

(*Enter Dr. S. and Mr. Bacterium, 2 E. L., apparently unobserved.*)

Bacterianna (*Aside.*)

Ah, here's my father, I'll appear to see everything but him,
But I'll give him a touch of his own whim.
But how in the world shall I begin?
I have it! It's easier than it is to swim.

(*In a sepulchral voice.*)

The howling microbe, my dear Cerebe,
Has come to stay, I do believe.
Oh, will he never, never be quiet?
I feel him starting another riot!

Cerebro.

Yes, he's always starting a strike,
Tell me what now it is most like.

Do you feel faint? How do you feel?
The villian is having a precious meal.

Bacterianna.

I feel as if I'd swallowed a buzz-saw!
A paper of tacks and a lobster's claw!
Broken glass, a roll of sand paper!
A boot-jack and a lighted taper!

(*Furiously.*)

Take me Cerebro 'way into the surf!
I wish to leave this sorrowful earth.
Tie to my neck a heavy stone,
Leave, oh, leave me there alone!

Tell my dear father that his daughter,
By following his example, died in the water;
That he such foolishness should not have taught her,
It would not have happened had he done as he ought to.

(*She rushes off* (*R.*)

Cerebro (*Alarmed.*)

Not much! It's most unlikely!
(*Seized with another attack.*)
But I'm obliged to follow somewhat obliquely.

(*He starts in a straight line to follow her, but veers off sideways. Exit, R.*)

Mr. B. (*Excited.*)

Can it be, doctor, she's bent on self destruction?

Dr. S. (*Also excited.*)

Her language, sir, is capable of that construction!

Mr. B. (*Looking off R.*)

Ah, there she goes out with the wave,
Cerebro rushes out to save!

Dr. S. (*Looking in same direction.*)

Brave fellow, he's seized her by the arm!

Mr. B.

I can not see! Is she out of harm?

Dr. S.

Yes, he is swimming toward the shore!
But what is this we have in store?

Mr. B. (*Anxiously.*)

Well! well! What does it seem to be?

Dr. S. (*Intensely excited.*)

They both are drifting out to sea!

Mr. B. (*Getting upon rock.*)

Merciful Heavens! I see quite plain,
But now they're making for the shore again!

Dr. S.

Yes! yes! he's working hard! she is alive!
But look! Cerebro begins to writhe!

Of courage, the brave fellow nothing lacks,
But he's having one of his attacks!

Mr. B. (*Wringing his hands.*)

They've disappeared! Oh, cruel fate!
See, a boat puts off! It is too late!

Dr. S.

No! no! again he is all right!
He's recovered his nerve, he holds her tight!

Mr. B. (*Jumping from rock.*)

Come doctor! come! my child! my child!
(*He rushes off R.*)

Dr. S. (*Joyfully.*)

I come! I come! with the utmost glee,
The maiden's saved from the briny sea!
(*Exit, R., with his usual mincing step.*)

(*Enter, in haste, Mike Crobe, 2 E. R., with a lobster clinging to the seat of his bathing-trowsers.*)

Mike C.

In me efforts to save me mistress from the dape blue say,
Behold the crather that came my way!
Sure it's nather a baste nor bird,
But it sticks like a brother, upon me worud!
(*He goes L.*)
Oh, ouch! now it bites a bit!
Oi must get rid of the varmint, or I'll have a fit!

Here comes a man, I'll approach him endways,
Perhaps he'll help to remove the appendage.

(*Enter Mr. Vermes, L., with basket of germs. Mike C. backs up to him.*)

My kind sor, although a stranger,
Would you kindly help me out of danger?
My peculiar companion, attached to my sate,
Must have been very hungry and out of mate.

(*Mr. Vermes* (*Removing the lobster.*)

With pleasure, sir, how did it occur?
One seldom sits down upon a lobster.
There, the attachment is dissolved,
To swallow you, it had resolved.

Mike C.

Thank you, I'm under great obligation,
But tell me, plase, your occupation.

Mr. V. (*Going R.*)
I'm a vender, sir, of bacterial germs,
A collector of centipedes, scorpions, terantulas and worms.

Mike C. (*Examining contents of basket.*)
And phat in the world is this exhibit?

Mr. V.
Nothing the law does me prohibit.

Mike C. (*Much interested.*)
Thot's right, but are yez sure they will not bite?

Mr. V.
Fear not, they are perfectly harmless,—quite.

Mike C.
Upon me word, the likes Oi niver saw,
Are they cooked, or are they raw?

Mr. V.
On the beach to sell, I've never tried,
But live microbic germs, greatly magnified.

Mike C. (*Pointing to basket.*)
But phat is this broth of a bug with lovely fatures?
Sich eyes, sich tails and extended reachers.

Mr. V. (*Taking it from basket and holding it up.*)
This is a Bacillus-Typhosis from the East,
Magnified forty million times, at least.

Mike C. (*Stepping back as if afraid.*)
Oh, Oi see. Don't let the baste get near to me.

Mr. V. (*Taking another bacillus from basket.*)
This is a Coma Bacillus from Boston brought,
They are quite docile and easily caught.
It is from the brain of a famous scholar,
And after dark it will bark and holler.

Mike C.
Indade, what dilicate little things, for sure,
Are they all genuine?—Simon pure?

Mr. V.

Perfectly reliable, which will you try?
This is a good one,—would you like to buy?

Mike C.

Well, they's very pooty, one and all,
But kind of goods for which we has no call.
(*Picking up lobster.*)
Here take the lobster, put it with the others,
They are much alike, and look like brothers.

Mr. V. (*Taking lobster.*)

Then I can't sell you one for a pet?
They're the best company you ever met.

Mike C.

No, Oi fears you magnifies your wares too much,
How beautiful to the sight, if not the touch.

Mr. V.

They have to be magnified to be seen,
Forty million times these all have been.

Mike C.

So———? Well I guess I'll not take one to-day,
But call again when you pass this way.
The fact is, we jist now are well supplied,
But ours have not yet been magnified.
(*He goes R., Mr. V. goes L.*)

Good day sor, best wishes for yezself and ach straddle-bug,
Sich illigant craters; finer niver were dug.
If there was any place to kape thim round here on the sands,
I'd take the whole outfit off of your hands.
(*Exit Mike Crobe, R.*)

Mr. V. (*Throwing lobster onto ground.*)

Times is quite hard, business seems to have went,
For three long days, I've not made a cent.
Now to average the profits of the week, I'll sit on this rock,
And in a few moments I'll mark up my stock.

(*He sits on rock, R. and examines the contents of his basket.*)

(*Enter L., Anti Septic, Anti Pyrine and Anti Dote, all in bright colored bathing suits.*)

Anti S. (*R.*)

Ahem! Brother Bacillus is gradually awakening to reason,
If he knew how we've fooled him, he'd think it high-treason.

Anti P. (*C.*)

Yes, but this business is beginning to be of too serious a nature,
It tries the nerves of an impulsive creature.

Anti D. (*L.*)

The parts assigned to us are too violent altogether,
Requiring constitutions of iron and leather.

Anti S.

Ahem! I hope the doctor will soon draw this thing to a close,
For see to what extremes each one of us goes.

Anti P.

See how foolish our niece Bacterianna has been,
By relying too much on her ability to swim.
Had our dear friend Cerebro his swimming forgotten,
They'd both, with their microbes, gone to the bottom.

Anti D.

And to think, just as they were nearing the shore,
A microbe seized him with its terrible paw.
I tell you it's more than dangerous to try
To trifle a bit with these strange bacilli.

Anti S.

Ahem! That we have them, we first made believe,
Thinking our brother we sure would deceive.
But whatever of acting may be our ideal,
Behold, too soon, the microbes are real.

Anti P.

Whether they are real or of the imagination,
They are to us an intoxication, an infatuation.

Anti D.

Yes; call it imagination if you like, but soon,
Like evil spirits, they are prone to commune.
The only safe way is them to shun,
Or in the end they'll kill us, sure as a gun.

Anti S.

Ahem! Here comes our brother, again I do tremble,
I hope this the last time we will have to dissemble.

Anti P.

I have it! Yonder sits Mr. Vermes examining his chattels,
For our brother's benefit may this be the last of our battles.
Charge sister furies! one and all,
Seize every germ, both great and small!

(*With a scream the three sisters rush up the stage, and dragging Mr. V. from the rock, seize his stock in trade.*)

Mr. V. (*Frightened.*)

Ladies! ladies! what does this mean?
Such actions never before were seen!

Anti D. (*L.*)

Silence! most perfidious man,
Or else, we'll fry you in a pan!

Anti S. (*C., distributing Mr. Vermes' microbes from basket.*)

Ahem! Here sister Pyrine take this crobe,
Conceal it quickly beneath your robe.
And here are more, just three for you,
Take them home and have a stew.

(*Anti P. takes them, cautiously.*)

Mr. V. (*R.*)

Oh, ladies don't! don't! Oh, don't!
Give me my pets——

The three sisters, interrupting:

No! no! We won't we won't!

Anti S.

Ahem! Here sister Dote are three for thee,
They'll make a charming fricassee.

(*She picks from basket and passes to Anti D., three microbes.*)

Mr. V.
I'll scream! I'll scream! I'll draw a crowd!

Anti P. (*With deeper voice than usual.*)
Varlet! If thou dost dare to speak aloud,
At once, we'll place thee in a shroud.

Anti S.
Ahem! Ahem! There are three for me,
I'll have them deviled for my tea.

Mr. V. (*Greatly enraged.*)
Why ladies, this is highway-robbery!
I'll not endure this thing-um-bobbery!

Anti P.
Villian! thy life we fain would save,
But one more word and you're in your grave!

Anti D.
Hideous monster! dost thou presume
To be ambitious for a tomb?

Anti P.
Reptile! dragon! vampire! snake!
Your every bone we sure will break!

Anti D.
Come sisters seize him, tie him to a stake,
Start a good hot fire, we'll have a bake.
(*They seize him.*)

Mr. V. (*Screaming.*)
Help! fire! murder! rogues!
These furies have stolen my microbes!

(*Enter Mr. Bacterium, L., hurriedly and in great alarm.*)

Mr. B.
Come doctor, quickly!
Sisters, what means this loud disgraceful sound?

Dr. S. (*Outside.*)
Yes! yes! I bound! I bound!

(*Enter Dr. Sapience, L., puffing and running forward with his usual step.*)

Mr. B. (*L., Enraged.*)
Sisters, explain your curious actions!
Would you ruin the family by such attractions?

Dr. S. (*C., taking out his medicine case.*)
Peace! peace! gentle graces three,
A sedative you need, I see.

Anti S. (*R. C., Holding up a microbe.*)
Ahem! Dearest brother look at this,
Isn't it a curious fish?

(*Mr. B. and Dr. S. put on their eye-glasses and examine it, C.*)

Anti P. (*R., showing another microbe.*)
Brother dear, this which I have here,
Is a bacillus drum-major from the ear.

(*Mr. B. and Dr. S. readjust their glasses and examine it with much interest.*)

Anti D. (*R., Producing another microbe.*)
And this one, I suppose,
Is a microbe-polypus from the nose.

Dr. S. (*Greatly amused.*)
Why ladies, this is most prepos',
It would require such a large probos'.

Mr. V. (*L. C., with professional pride.*)
These gems are magnified.

There's where the mystery lies,
About forty million times their natural size,

Dr. S.
Ha! ha! ha! how wonderful the human brain,
Such rare invention, and all for gain.

Mr. B. (*To Mr. V.*)
I'm very, very sorry, sir, at your distress,
But your invention shows my folly in another dress,
We all to magnify our pains and sorrows try,
Just as you have magnified the bacilli.

But in these made up reptiles the humbug we perceive,
While in the other cases we ourselves deceive.
Make out your bill for injuries to your wares and feelings,
I believe in honesty and justice, and fair dealings.

(*The three sisters again show exciting symptoms.*)

Dr. S.

Pardon one moment, the deterrents I'll apply,
They are simply powders taken dry.

(*He empties from papers a powder on the tongue of each sister. Mr. Vermes, with curiosity, approaches the doctor, who thrusts a powder into his mouth.*)

Mr. V. (*Spluttering, and ejecting powder from his mouth.*)

I'll leave for New York on the very next train,
For everybody on the beach is becoming insane.
I myself am beginning to feel quite hazy,
And soon like the rest, I too, will be crazy.

Mr. B.

Before you leave, if you can manage,
Call at my cottage, and I'll pay all damage.

Mr. V. (*Aside.*)

If I don't strike now a middling fair average,
Call me a fool, a gump, or a savage. (*Exit L.*)

(*Enter Mike Crobe, R., in great haste and greatly excited.*)

Mike C.

Your daughter, sor, can not be found!
We fales quite sure she has been drowned!
We've looked high and low all over the town,
Naught can we find but this piece of her gown.

(*Shows piece of cloth, and rushes off, L.*)

(*Enter Cerebro, R., in great alarm.*)

Cerebro.

Tell me gentlemen, I beseech!
Have you seen Miss Bacterium on the beach?

(*He writhes.*)

She left the cottage an hour ago.
She must have been drawn under by the tow!
(*He writhes again.*)

Dr. S.
Impossible!—Oh, I see!—Perhaps you mean the under-tow?
To the water was she seen to go?

Cerebro.
Nobody seems to know, but when she left the house,
They say she had a vacant stare,
And raved, and stormed, and tore her hair.
(*He writhes.*)

(*Bella Donna enters, R., hastily and in great grief.*)

Belle D. (*Shivering—her teeth chattering.*)
Oh, uncle! uncle! my cousin dear,
An hour ago, did disappear!
She had rallied considerably from her recent illness,
And as I sat watching in the stillness,
She jumped from the bed and ran toward the shore,
Had I not then had a chill, I might tell you more.

(*She has another bad spell, and falls into the arms of Cerebro, who sustains her the best he can, in spite of another paroxysm by which he is seized.—Mr. B. swoons and falls into the doctor's arms.*)

Angina Pectoris, (*Enter R., greatly excited.*)
Your daughter's found!
She's lying yonder on the ground, (*pointing*)
She needs the doctor, she is not drowned!

Dr. S. (*Passing Mr. B. into Angina's arms.*)
I bound! I bound!
Swift as a hound!

(*Exit Dr. Sapience, R., with usuat trot.*)

ACT DROP.

ACT IV.

Scene 1. Female ward in Sapience Sanatorium, (boxed in 3. G.) Door in flat, C. Window each side of this door. Couch down R. 3 panel screen (4½ feet high) back of couch. Easy chair down L. Large chest up C. Table down C., on which are bottles of medicine, pitcher of ice-water and three glasses. (See Scene Plot.)

ARRANGEMENT OF BEDS AND OCCUPANTS.

	—— Anti Dote	Bella Donna ——	
R.			L.
	—— Angina Pectoris.	Bacterianna ——	
	—— Anti Septic.	Anti Pyrine ——	

Dr. Sapience (R.)

You are quite worn out Miss, I'll take your place,
I desire personally to note each case.
One can stand about so much, but more can not endure,
Let me see your last notations of pulse and temperature. (*He goes L.*)

Nurse (L.)

The patients all are improving, as you will read,
Their conditions are not far from normal, as you'll perceive.
The three sisters have been a very great trial,
All quite difficult to manage, there's no denial.
(*Hands him tablet.*)

Dr. S. (Taking tablet.)

Don't be discouraged, three more nurses will come tomorrow,
And more, if necessary, will surely follow.
Fifteen nurses already have given out,
But we are approaching the climax, without doubt.
(*Exit Nurse, L.*)

With all my experience in therapeutics,
I was caught at last in an entirely new fix.
I much regret to say, but certainly the fact is,
This combination beats all my practice,

To cure one case of common dementia,
I resorted to a not unusual venture
Of enlisting laymen in my ranks,
But now, instead of one, I have a dozen cranks.

What will be the outcome of this terrible mess,
I'm curious to know, I must confess.
Never did microbes so test my knowledge,
During the many years since I left college.

More willing helpers, I could not secure,
They were fully determined to effect a cure,
But the business they took too much to heart,
And forgot themselves, while playing a part.

The nervous strain was too intense,
A thing I warned them all against.
I sincerely hope they will soon be right,
Which would be to me a great delight.

Mr. Bacterium is now nearly well,
The lesson we taught him worked like a spell,
I thought it best to bring the entire family up to New York,
As their presence at Long Branch was creating much talk.

There were altogether too many narrow escapes from drowning,
A result not condusive to my successful crowning.
As a medical man, I feared my fame to jeopardize,
For I had gone into this scheme to draw a prize.

So I brought them all here where I have absolute control,
And if I've not drugged them too much, they will soon be made whole.
But never again will I try this experiment on so large a scale,

It's very much like trying to swallow a whale.
(*Apparently fatigued, throws himself into easy chair, L.*)

Anti Septic. (*Sitting up in bed.*)
Ahem! Am I in a tomb? Oh, there's the doctor,
(*Doctor jumps up as if startled.*)
Sir, will you please give me a glass of water?
I never knew such a dreadful thirst;
My tongue is dry, my throat will burst!

Dr. S. (*Pours water into glass and hands it to her.*)
Yes, yes, drink all you wish,
You'll take kindly to it, like a fish.
(*She drinks and then lies down.*)
(*The doctor throws himself into chair again.*)

Anti Dote (*Sitting up in bed.*)
Give me too, a glass of water,
(*Doctor jumps up again.*)
Lemonade, beer, ale or porter!
Quick! quick! or I'll get out of bed,
I must have it at once, or I am dead.

(*Dr. S. trotting to table, pours more water and hastens to Anti D.*)

Dr. S.
I bound! I bound! I will! I will!
If you step out of bed, you'll have a chill!
There, there, keep still! keep still!
(*She drinks and then lies down. The doctor throws himself into chair again.*)

Bella Donna (*Sitting up in bed, her teeth chattering.*)
A pill! A pill!
(*The doctor alarmed, jumps up again.*)
I'm the one who has a chill!

Dr. S. (*Hurrying to her, gives her a pill.*)
Yes Miss Bella, here's your pill,
It's just the kind to keep you still.
It is rather a distasteful diet,
But sure to keep you very quiet.
(*Bella D. takes pill and lies down. The doctor throws himself into chair.*)

Anti Pyrine. (*Sitting up in bed.*)
Such dreams! such dreams! I've had all night,
(*Doctor jumps from chair.*)
Give me something to eat, I'd have a bite!

Dr. S. (*Hurrying to table.*)
Yes. Miss Pyrine, in a minute,
(*Aside, wiping perspiration from face.*)
I'm beginning to feel that I am in it.

(*To Anti Pyrine.*)
Food to night, I must prohibit,
For your own good, I do forbid it.
(*He pours from bottle taken from table, a spoonful of medicine, and hastens with it to Anti P.*)

Now my dear friend, its the medicine hour,
It will give you strength, it will give you power.

Anti P. (*Pushing medicine away.*)
I want a mutton-chop and a Welsh rarebit,
To eat when I like to is my habit.
Sir! No one dares my food to prohibit,
Do not tell me that you forbid it!

Dr. S.
I know! I know! but my dear Miss——

Anti P. (*Interrupting.*)
I'll not listen to a word of this!

Dr. S. (*Aside.*)
I have it!
(*To Anti P.*)
Well, well, if in five minutes you absolutely feel
You must partake of such a meal,
The steward out shall go
And order it from Delmonico,
But first this medicine, permit me to apprize *yer*,
You had better take as an appetizer.

Anti P.
Never! for five minutes I'll lie down, but the drug I will not take,
I know your schemes, and I would keep awake;
I know your medicine would put me to sleep,

Then, of course, you would give me nothing to eat.

(*She lies down. Dr. S., sleepy and tired, falls into chair.*)

Bacterianna (*Sitting up in bed.*)

Bound Dr. Sapience! Bound this way!
(*The doctor jumps up.*)
Is it night, or is it day?
Am I better, or am I worse?
Why are you here, and where's the nurse?

Dr. S. (*Has now become very nervous. He takes medicine to Bacterianna.*)

Yes! yes! I come! I come!
The nurse is resting, Miss Bacterium,
Take this medicine for delerium.
You are getting better very fast,
And your father's nearly well, at last.

(*She takes medicine from the doctor and then lies down. The doctor drags himself to chair and sits down.*)

(*Anti Septic, Anti Pyrine and Anti Dote, all sit up in bed at once. Dr. Sapience holds up his hands in horror.*)

Anti P.

Five minutes have passed at last,
Send at once for my repast!

Anti S.

Ahem! Give the poor girl something to eat,
When shall we be removed from this retreat?

Anti D.

Do you take us all for simpletons?
Are you starving us for our skeletons?

Dr. S. (*About used up.*)

Please good ladies do
A different course pursue!
If you're so antic,
You'll drive me frantic!

(*All three pounce down into bed but immediately sit up again and with extended arms pointing to Dr. S. say in concert:*

Unfeeling, cruel, scientific wretch,
Unless a luncheon you do fetch,
We'll jump from bed, we'll run to the street,
We'll ruin your hospital and you complete.

Dr. S. (*Exasperated.*)

Insatiate females! for your sakes,
Banish the thought of chops and steaks,
You are in a raging fever, and I tell you again,
From meat of all kinds, you must abstain.

The sisters, making a movement as if to get out of bed, say:

Now listen, sir, to what we will do,
We'll compromise on a menu;
Within an half hour bring us these:
Escaloped oysters, chicken-salad, olives, pickles and green peas,
Charlotte Russe, Meringue, pound-cake, mince-pie,
Nuts, raisins, all of them, or you shall die!

Dr. S. (*Disgusted, but endeavoring to expostulate.*)

Is that all that you require?
Would you jump from the frying-pan into the fire?

The three sisters (*Again making a movement as if to get out of bed.*)

We have given you our ultimatum,
Order the victuals, and proceed to cart them.
And while we wait, give us water cooled with ice,
If you value your life. take our advice.

Dr. S. (*Aside.*)

Good! Now I have them!
Well ladies, I'll yield one point; we want no fuss,
You shall have the ice water; then we'll discuss
The advisability of the menu,
And decide at once what we will do.

The three sisters.

Then your life we'll spare,
But mind you have a care!
We'll have no less on the bill of fare!
(*They tie down.*)

(*Dr. S. turns his back to his patients and fills three glasses with ice-water, he then pours liquid from a bottle, which he takes from the table, into each glass. The sisters sit up in bed and watch him, and then smiling knowingly, and pointing to him, pounce down again.*)

Dr. S. (*Aside.*)

I think that before they partake of their diet,
They'll have an interval of sleep and quiet.
Now ladies. if you think you ought-er,
You can each drink lightly of this water.
(*He passes a glass to each sister.*)

Anti. S.

Ahem! Doctor give the order for the lunch at once,
And add to mine a Roman punch.
(*She drinks.*)

Anti P.

Yes, you can not order it any too soon,
Add to mine, if you please, a pickled mushroom.
(*She drinks.*)

Anti D.

Doctor, the luncheon question we will not discuss,
Simply add to the menu some asparagus.
(*She drinks.*)

Dr. S.

Anything else you'd like, either green or ripe?
Ham and eggs? pig's feet? sauer-kraut? fried tripe?

Anti S. (*Aside.*)

Ahem! He thinks he's given us an opiate,
But that is where he makes his mistake.

(*Aloud.*)

Oh, I'm so sleepy getting,
Come sisters, let's stop our fretting.
Wake me up doctor when they bring the lunch,
Remember don't forget the Roman punch.
(*She falls back apparently asleep.*)

Anti P. (*Sleepily.*)

You're a pretty good old doctor, after all,
I hope I shall hear you when you call.
How quiet everything is getting in the house,
Excuse me please if I take a drowse.
(*She falls back apparently asleep.*)

Anti D. (*In a subdued voice.*)
Doctor I believe you are an old sinner,
And have cheated us all out of our dinner,
But if you are honest, wake me with a rap,
Good night Dr. Sapience, I'll take a nap.
(*She falls back apparently asleep.*)

Dr. S.
Many thanks to the potency of morphine,
They'll have no luncheon, not even a bean.
(*Stretching himself out on the couch, R.*)
That I am tired must be confessed,
But now is my chance, and I'll take a rest.

Angina Pectoris. (*With a scream, sitting up in bed.*)
Am I alive, or am I dead ?
Am I on me fate, or on my head?

Dr. S. (*Jumping from couch in alarm.*)
Angina Pectoris, as I live!
What a terrible scream she did give!

Angina P. (*Screaming again.*)
Where is me Mike, and where am Oi?
Take me back to old Ireland, and let me die.
(*Screams.*)

Dr. S. (*Excited.*)
Silence! silence! incorrigible maid!
Why in the world are you afraid?
(*Angina screams two or three times.*)

(*Enter, L. in night shirts, and greatly excited, Mr. Bacterium, Cerebro, Parotitis and Mike Crobe.*)

Mr. Bacterium.
Why this scream in the dead of night?
We all have suffered a terrible fright!

Cerebro.
Is the house on fire? What means this noise?
One thing after another our peace destroys!
(*He writhes.*)

Parotitis. (*Angrily.*)

Why this un-un-unseemly har-har-harangue?
All night long it's been nothing but ba-ba-bang and and cler-cler-clang!
And jer-jer-just as we were nicely dre-dre-dreaming,
We're ar-ar-aroused from our sleep by such un-un-unearthly screaming!

Mike C.

The woice as it came on the midnight air,
Aroused on me head ach separate hair!
It sounded so much like the scream of me Ann,
That Oi jumped right from me bed and came as Oi am.

Dr. S. (*Much concerned.*)

Back gentlemen! You'll ruin my fair reputation!
Things are getting far beyond my expectation.
This is the *Ladies' Ward!* don't jeopardize my name!
(*Covering face.*) I'm mortified! Abashed! I'm seized with shame!

(*He carries screen, L., and places it in front of them.*)

Angina P.

Is that you Mike, I sees among the rest?
You'd look more dacent were you dressed.
I'm sorry doctor I've caused this great alarum.
But I dreamed a microbe had me by the arum.

Mr. B.

None but a fool scares at a microbe, as a rule.
I'd as soon be scared by a tadpole in a pool.
Once it was not thus, I will admit,
But such foolish nonsense, I now have quit.

Do. S. (*Nervously.*)

Quite right! quite right! now back to the gentlemens ward,
Such actions, really, I can not afford.

Cerebro (*Twitching convulsively.*)

Come let's go back and have our sleep,
Let those who wish to, their vigils keep.

Parotitis (*Looking at his habiliments.*)
I fer-fer-fer-feel much like a sheep,
I would per-per-per-plunge in slumber, very deep.

Mike C.
Good night, dear Ann!
Kape from scraming, if you can.
If, in the night, you're very ill,
Turn up and wake over, but kape still.
(*Exeunt Cerebro, Parotitis and Mike Crobe, L.*)

Mr. B. (*Pleasantly.*)
Good night doctor, it might be worse,
(*Gaping.*) I'm too sleepy to make a verse.
(*Exit, L.*)

Angina P.
Doctor Sapience, if you plase, I much would like,
To know the real condition of me dear Mike.

Dr. S.
Now Ann, if you can,
Stop worrying about that foolish man.
He's doing finely, and in a day or two,
Will be able to eat an Irish-stew.

Angina P.
And its thin mesel, I'll ask about,
When shall I be up, and dressed, and out?

Dr. S.
Both you and Mike will soon be over your sorrow,
I'll have you both well by day after tomorrow.

Angina P.
And the mistress and master are they improving?
And whin shall we all be homeward moving?

Dr. S.
Your master, though weak, is thoroughly cured,
Your mistress's recovery is quite assured.

Angina P.
And Mr. Cerebro and Mr. Parotitus,
Can you cure their stammmering and St. Vitus?

Dr. S.

I believe, from a most careful and thorough analysis,
They are now slight cases of simple paralysis.

Angina P.

And Miss Bella Donna, and the Aunties dear?

Dr. S.

All doing well, don't have a fear.

Angina P.

Thin let me confiss and git up and driss;
I've been well and hearty from the start,
And all the time have been playing me part.
Sure yez can blame none but yourself,
I have'nt, for a moment, been out of health.

Bacterianna (*Sitting up in bed.*)

And I too, how did I do?
You thought me a beginner,
But I'm an old experienced swimmer.

Bella D. (*Sitting up.*)

Also myself, not a particle ill,
Was from the beginning, and am so still.

The three sisters (*Sitting up.*)

And we too of acting have had enough,
Also of opiates and other stuff,
But look at your bottle, and you will see,
We had filled it up with eau-de-vie.

Dr. S. (*Amazed, going R.*)

I'm dazed! I'm flabbergasted! Zounds! zounds!
But really my joy knows no bounds!

(*They all get out of their beds, put on their shoes which are lying on the floor, and come forward.*)

Bacterianna (*R. C.*)

If you really consider my father quite cured,
Then why should we longer in this place be immured?

Dr. S.

Yes, only a little weak, but otherwise well,
But the other gentlemen are still under the spell.
Now ladies, another favor of you I'll ask,
Please help me to lighten my burdensome task.

All at once.

We'll do it! What do you require?

Dr. S.

First, simply array yourselves in my nurses' attire.

All reply.

Agreed, where are the robes?
This must be the last attack on the microbes!

Dr. S.

In yonder chest, you'll find the dresses,
Put them on, then arrange your tresses.

(*They all proceed to the chest and array themselves in the garb of nurses, then, hastily arrange their hair.*)

(*Dr. S. reclines on couch until they come forward.*)

Angels! worthy to be adored!
Now hasten to the gentlemens ward!

(*All exeunt, R.*)

SCENE II.

A lobby in the Sapience Sanatorium. Lights low. Enter L. Dr. Sapience, Bacterianna, Bella Donna, Anti Septic, Anti Pyrine, Anti Dote and Angina Pectoris.

Dr. S. (*R., carrying lighted candle.*)

Ladies, since your family to this hospital came,
Fifteen nurses have left the same;
They were all exhausted, worn and broken down,
And have been sent to recuperate, out of town.

(*They all raise their hands in astonishment.*)

Now are you, for one day, willing to assist me all you can
In carrying out my present plan?

All at once:

Yes, one day only, we think we can afford,
Now lead us to the gentlemens ward.

Dr. S.

Then follow me, and at your election,
Each take a patient of her own selection.
(*All exeunt, R.*)

SCENE III.

Gentlemens ward in Sapience Sanatorium. Box-scene in 2 G. Lights low. Large window in centre of flat, moon shining into same. Door each side of this window. A single gas jet between window and each door.

ARRANGEMENT OF BEDS AND OCCUPANTS.

R. | | | | | | L.

Mr. B. Cerebro. Parotitis. Unknown. Mr. Vermes. Mike C.

Enter, L., Dr. Sapience, Bacterianna, Bella Donna, Anti Septic, Anti Pyrine, Anti Dote and Angina Pectoris. The ladies pass to C. and gaze about the room.

Dr. S. (*L.*)

Miss Bacterium, your father occupies the further cot,
Mr. Meningitis the second, if I've not forgot.

Angina P. (*Going to first cot and looking at its occupant.*)

Heaven be praised. Here will I sthop,
For surely Michael's in this cot.
(*She stands at the left of first cot and fans its occupant.*)

Bacterianna.

Bella, will you please take charge of the further patient?
I'll chaperone the next adjacent.
(*Bella Donna goes to the left of first bed, R., and Bacterianna to the left of the next.*)

The three sisters, C., together:

Of men we never yet have made a choice,
We regard with affection *only little boys.*

(*Anti S. goes to the left of third bed from R., Anti P. to the left of the fourth from R. and Anti D. to the left of the fifth from R.*)

Dr. S.

Now ladies, for humanity's sake, let me have a little sleep,
I have only had cat-naps for nearly a week.

Bacterianna.

Go at once doctor, you need some rest,
We will take full charge, and do our best

Bella D.

All the gentlemen are in sweet repose,
As still and as quiet as if they were froze.
(*Shivers and smiles meaningly at the doctor.*)

Anti S. (*Nervously.*)

Ahem! If they should wake up,—of course,—I suppose,
They'd show us proper respect on account of our clothes.

Dr. S.

Oh yes, ladies, have no alarm,
I assure you, you are entirely out of harm.

Anti P.

But how shall we procure protection,
If they display too much affection?

Anti D.

Yes, doctor dear, e'er you depart,
Tell us where to find you in the dark.

Bacterianna.

We have no fears, go seek your rest,
We're well protected, as nurses dressed.

Angina P.

Yes, begorrah! We have nó horror,
For it's getting light, it's must be tomorrow.

Dr. S.

Thanks for your kindness, for an hour or two.
I'll bid you all a fond adieu.
(*Exit L.*)

Angina P.

Please would you allow me to suggest, to avoid mistake,
That we find who these men are, before they awake?

Anti S.

Ahem! A wise suggestion, let's examine each face,
And see if it belongs to the human race.
(*Each one examines her charge.*)

Bacterianna.

This is Cerebro, without doubt,
Although his face is not jerking about.

Bella D.

And this is your father, how well he looks,
His was the queerest case read of in the books.
He is sleeping as sweetly as an innocent child,
Features so calm that once looked so wild.

Anti S.

Ahem! This is my nephew, Parotitis, sure,
(*With a sigh of relief.*)
I feel that now I am secure.

Angina P.

Now phat does this crathur most look like?
(*Examines face.*)
Sure it's none other than me boy Mike.

(*Anti P. and Anti D. each looking intently at her own patient, and then with much concern, looking at the patient of the other.*)

Anti D. (*Alarmed.*)

Pyrine!

Anti P. (*Also alarmed.*)

Dote!

Anti D. (*Trembling.*)

Who is your man?

Anti P.

He is a stranger!
We are all in danger!

Anti D.

And mine is too!
What in the world shall we females do?
(*All the ladies now alarmed.*)

Anti P.

They may be highwaymen, pirates or lawyers!
Haters of women! or women destroyers!

Anti D.

I 'bout know mine's an attorney!
I wish I was away on a long journey.

Mr. Vermes (*Sitting up in bed, and with great dignity.*)

I am Mr. Vermes!
And the other———

Unknown (*Sitting up.*)

Is his long lost brother! (*Drops back immediately.*)
(*All the women scream.*)

Mr. V.

Have no alarm my gentle sisters,
Kind dispensers of pills and blisters,
We are here to be cured of bacilli,
Calm your feelings, do not cry,

On a foreign shore, I happened to be stranded,
Where, before me, some lunatics had landed.
I got away as quickly as I could,
But not before thousands of microbes had lodged in my hood.

But Dr. Sapience had pity on me,
Which enabled me to practise a little economy.
Fortunately for me, for I had not a red,
He brought me here, and I've since been in bed.

Yes, on a foreign shore, on the coast of Jersey,
I found the people all topsy-tervy,
But I hastened away to the city of York,
Hoping the contagion I had not caught.

I little mistrusted when I left Long Branch,
These people and myself were enroute for this ranch.

Would you believe it? In less than twenty-four hours,
The bacteria controlled every one of my powers.

Soon the doctor became very short of nurses,
Who were seized with nervous prostration, from listening to verses.
So my brother, in his kindness, came just to help out,
But was at once caught by a bacillus, and now has the gout.

(*The Unknown bobs up, and suddenly lies down. Mr. Vermes, also, lies down.*)

Anti D. (*To Anti Pyrine.*)

Why this is the vender of bacterial germs!
Collector of centipedes, scorpions, tarantulas and worms!

Anti P. (*To Anti D.*)

The man we propose to burn at the stake!
What can *we* expect, when he's wide awake?

Bacterianna (*Looking at Cerebro, and fanning him.*)

He wakes! He opens his eyes!
He smiles! He would arise!

Cerebro (*Sitting up and rubbing his eyes.*)

Ah, a new nurse. Why this gentle fanner
Resembles much, Bacterianna.

Bacterianna.

It is not a simple resemblance, it is really I,
I am through with my acting, and no longer lie.

Cerebro.

And I have long since ceased to dissemble,
I am entirely well, I no longer tremble.
I think the microbe will never again bite us,
I've had all I want of the dance of St. Vitus.

(*He converses with Bacterianna.*)

Anti S. (*Placing her hand on her nephew's forehead.*)
Ahem! What can the doctor mean?
No symptoms of fever can be felt or seen.
But I suppose if he should begin to mutter,
The microbe in his tongue would make him stutter

Parotitis (*Sitting up.*)
No, kind nurse, the bacilli have left,
Of their attentions, I am bereft.
I have conquered them, whether real or sham,
And again I believe, I am a man.

Anti S.
Ahem! Why it's delightful to watch his manner,
I can not discover a particle of stammer.
(*She fans him.*)

Angina P. (*Stroking Michael's hair.*)
Michael! Michael! I wish you'd awake,
And to your Angina try to spake.
I wonder if yez still as deaf as a clam,
Oh, Michael me bi, yez much of a sham.
(*She fans him.*)

Michael C. (*Sitting up in bed and smiling sweetly at the nurse, not recognizing that she is Angina.*)
Phat a pink of a girl sure, is this little nurse,
With sich fine attindince, one is sure to grow worse.
Of course he'd grow worse, so to stay with her longer.
With sich a swate crather, how could he grow stronger?
But then I am well, and have all the time been so,
I've been very decateful, oh, how could I sin so?
(*Again smites at nurse.*)

Angina P.
Mike, don't yer know me? Come out of your spell,
I'm your own and only Ann, and entirely well.
Now be after telling me how yez was yezself,
Is yez worse or better, and how is yez health?

Mike C.
Is it yezself Ann? Spake quick, I besache!
Come nearer, don't kape so far from me rache.

Thinking, of course, you's another woman,
I was endeavoring to preserve a proper decorum.

Angina P.

But as I'm not another woman,
Plase dispinse with the decorum.
Kiss me Mike, with your Irish mug,
And give me one real Irish hug.
(*He does so.*)

(*The women all hold up their hands in horror—The men all sit up in bed and look amazed, especially Mr. Vermes and the unknown*)—[*Picture.*]

ACT DROP.

ACT V.

Parlor in Bacterium Mansion—Scene the same as in Act 1. Easy-chair moved to R. U. Cor. Mike C. and Angina P. dusting the furniture. (*See Scene Plot.*)

Mike C. (*R.*)

Well Ann, me darlint, it's time for the train,
And soon the whole family will be home again.
Sure niver sich exparience came to a single household,
Bedad, I'd not see the likes agin for silver or gold.

Angina P. (*L.*)

Now Mike, does yez think the master is cured for all time?
Does yer blave we'll all talk foriver in this sort of rhyme?
Does yez think that the varmints are through with their sport,
Or does yez blave they will follow us back from New York?

Mike C. (*Looking wisely.*)

Phat does Oi think? Well Miss, Oi opine
That the microbes are through, at laste for a time,
Oi blaves, if the trouble again does occur,
So long as it lasts, it is sure to endure.

Angina P.

Indade you talks wiser than the doctor hisself,
And no doubt know as much of sickness or health.
Valuable exparience ye've had, Michael mine,
Which may make us quite rich, in process of time.

Mike C. (*With dignity.*)

Miss Angina P. just listen to me,
There's money in medicine, ef you charge a good fee.
Perhaps, in the course of a few years or more,
I'll open an office and be a doc-tor.
(*He looks very important.*)

Angina P.

But Mike, what will yez do when they wants a leg taken off?
You'll be foine enough curing a plain simple cough,
But with broken bones and sarious disases,
The thing is quite different from stopping the snazes.

Mike C.

Quite right you are, but with a will goes always a way,
I'll niver refuse a case in the night or the day.
There are plenty of doctors high standing in the profission,
Who'll take a good case, if paid a commission.

Oi shall look very wise and say, ah! humph! yis!
A consultation is nicessary, Oi verily giss;
Thin I'll call in a surgeon, I'll always kape on hand a few,
To the patient introduced him, and let him all the work do.

Angina P.

Thin the spoils you'll divide,
And lave the patient just only his hide.

Sure as I am a woman, an Irish born Vanus,
You're a natural born fool, or ilse you're a janius.

Mike C.

Why it's the asiest thing to be a physician,
First ask the patient to state his condition;
Thin fale of his pulse, into his mouth run a thermometer,
Thin schwell yourself up like the city gasometer.

Appear quite profound, and to the sick man repate,
The very conditions which hisself did relate.
He, immediately forgetting what he did disclose,
Will think it remarkable the way you diagnose.

Nine times out of tin, nothing the matter will be,
So have with you always a long recipe,
Copy it from some doctor's book, be sure it's in Latin,
A dose to cause symptoms hardly worth the combattin'.

Thin call twice a day for a wake, do you see?
Thin begin with the antidote for the first remedy,
Nature, in about a wake more, will effect a cure, free,
Thin all remaining for you to do is to charge a good fee.

Angina P.

Now I thinks of it Mike, I belaves that the fact is
You must have a diploma before you can practise.
I guess you'd forgotten all about that,
Or ilse you were talking right straight through you hat.

(*Door-bell rings.*)

Ah, the folks have come,
Run Michael, run,
Welcome thim home once more,
Don't kape thim waiting at the door.

Mike C. (*Looking lovingly at Angina P.*)

Oi'd much prefare to stay and dust,
But if Oi has to, then Oi must.

(*Exit C. D.*)

Angina P.

Now that all are well, phat difference will it make,
Ef our real names we are permitted to take?
What swate names are Pat O'Rourke,
And Kitty Shane, me own, which I forsook.

I very much do want to know
By phat name the master used to go,
But more particularly phat I want is,
To know the real names of the dear, old aunties.

And Parotitis, how queer it sounds,
A name for mumps, so says old Bounds.

(*Slightly raising dress, imitates the step of Dr. Sapience.*)

(*Enter Cerebro and Bacterianna, C. D.*)

Bacterianna. (*C.*)

Ah, here's the faithful Ann, and I do believe
Prettier than ever, don't you, Cerebe?

Angina P. (*R. C. Courtesies.*)

Oh, thank you Miss, a kindly welcome home to 'ach,
And may I niver mate you agin at Long Branch bache

Cerebro. (*L. C.*)

Ha! ha! ha! lovely maid with Celtic features,
Still true to your Irish nature, quite facetious.
(*Enter Mike Crobe, C. D.—He goes down L.*)

Mike C. (*Beaming with smiles.*)

It sames so delightful, sor, to say you and the mistress back agin,
Begorrah! Yez two togither had a foine swim.
Excuse me, if it sames like liberty taking
To say that it's pleasant to see you not shaking.
(*Door-bell rings.*)

Bacterianna.

That must be Cousin Bella and Parotitis. Oh, I'm so delighted,
To have the family once more united.

Mike C. (*Exuberantly.*)

Now isn't it lovely? Hum, swate hum,
All well and united, (*Bell rings again.*) I come! I come! (*Exit C. D.*)

(*Angina P. goes to R. D. and dusts the portieres.*)

Cerebro.

As fine a servant as ever did live,
Kind hearted, and Irish as Pat Murphy's pig.
(*Enter Bella Donna and Parotitis, C. D.*)

Bella D. (*L.*)

Dear cousin, here we are at last,
Safely home and our trials passed.
Ah, Cerebro, no more microbes lurking?
No more shivering, no more jerking?

Bacterianna.

Yes, Bella, but what is best to tell,
Thanks to the doctor, Papa's well.

Cerebro.

Let us not from the doctor the least credit rob,
For the bacilli now are out of a job.

Bella D.

True, in this family at least,
We've vanquished entirely the little beast.
(*Enter Mike Crobe, L.*)

Mike C. (*Grinning all over with delight.*)

May it plase yer Miss Bella, may Oi be so bold,
Oi'm joyful to say yer without a shivering cold,
And no one can till what the extint of my delight is,
To hear the swate tongue of Mister Parotitis.
Bedad, your foine mouth you used so to pucker,
But all you could do was to stammer and stutter.

Parotitis (*Smiling.*)

There Michael, good fellow, that will do,
The scenes which we've lately been through,
Are demoralizing to a servant, most truly,
So try hard my boy, or you'll be very unruly.
(*Prolonged ringing at the front door.*)

Mike C. (*Placing his hands to his ears.*)

Heavings! (*Aside.*) Its 'asy to till who's ringing jist now,
It's the dear aunties, one would think, jist spiling for a terrible row,

(*Bell rings again.*)

But they are very fine wimming, though somewhat peculiar;
Not half so bad as they appear, so don't let them fool yer.

(*Bell rings again.*)

Wist! wist! have the bacilli caught you agin?
If so, wherefore?—where?—why and whin?
(*Exit C. D.*)

Cerebro.

I think by the nervous tintinnabulation,
That it's your aunties, who have walked all the way from the station.

Bacterianna.

Yes, poor things, they must be quite tired!
But ride they would not, as I much desired.

Parotitis.

I am sure it is they, three little maidens from Long Branch Beach,
Manners, somewhat pronounced, disposition, sweet as a peach.

Bella D.

Kinder souls never lived on earth,
One has to know them to see their great worth.

Angina P. (*Aside.*)

To be sarious, they much resembles jelly tarts,
Crusty on the outside, but swate in their hearts.

(*Exit Angina Pectoris, R. D.—Parotitis and Bella D. take seats on sofa, L.—Enter Mike Crobe, C. D.*)

Mike C.

The Misses Bacterium jist from Sapience Institute,
(*Aside.*) It is said they are harmless, and never do shoot. (*Exit, C. D.*)

(*Enter, C. D., Anti Septic, Anti Pyrine and Anti Dote.*)

Bacterianna.

Welcome home my Aunties, dear,
Since we left home seems 'most a year.

Cerebro.

But how fine and rosy you all are looking,
Pictures of health, the result of plain cooking.

(*The sisters, much pleased, go forward smiling at each other. Cerebro and Bacterianna take seats on divan, R.*)

Anti S. (*R.*)

Ahem! Such a darling, did you ever see?
A model husband, he's sure to be.

Anti P. (*C.*)

Yes, since he threw off his St. Vitus,
He makes every effort to delight us.

Anti D. (*L.*)

But sister, he was much more alive,
When he used to twist, and turn, and writhe,
But like all men, he's much improved,
Now he is quiet and subdued.

Anti S.

Ahem! These horrid men are so important,
With voices rasping and discordant,
Their manners coarse and like a bear,
Many, on their heads have bristles, instead of hair.

Anti P.

But when they become a little bacterian,
Nothing will subdue them, not even valerian.

Then, they are even worse than nature designed,
In actions both of body and mind.

Anti D.

A man like Cerebro one can seldom meet,
He's just what he should be from head to feet.
(*Sighing*) If one like him should to me propose,
I should accept him, I really suppose.

Anti S.

Ahem! But sister Dote, you'll never be old enough to vote,
You're young and frisky, just like a goat.
And we three girls, I fear will never find
Men adapted exactly to our mind.

(*Enter, C. D.. Mike Crobe, radiant with delight.*)

Mike C. (*Aside.*)

Oi fales that it rists with me
To welcome home the maidens three.
(*He goes forward to R. C. and addresses Anti S.*
Miss Bacterium, permit me, and not consider it presumption,
As one of the family onct doomed to something ilse, or perhaps to consumption.
To expriss me great joy that you've arrived home safe and sound,
Like a young Jersey heifer escaped from the pound.

Anti S.

Ahem! Michael, such compliments, I'm obliged to forbid,
A comparison like that is somewhat invid'
Still you mean it well, if I've not mistook,
So the cattle expression, I would fain overlook.

Mike C. (*Exuberant.*)

And you too Miss Pyrine, me heart felt like breakin',
When Oi saw you and your sisters so much medicine takin',
Oi fales very thankful, take me wourd for the truth,
That you've lost none of the vigor and bloom of your youth.

Anti P. (*Smiling.*)

Listen to the compliments of this new Chesterfield,
Yes, Michael, thanks, my ills are all healed,
No micro-organisms, bacilli or bacteria, not a single germ,
We've dissolved our co-partnership, they're not in the firm.

Mike C. (*Gushing.*)

And you Miss Dote, whom the microbes so severely smote,
Your burdens were really too heavy to tote,
But permit your servant, a poor Irish boy,
To welcome you home, for I'm brim full of joy.

Anti D.

You poor, dear, kind-hearted soul,
Your joy is entirely beyond your control;
You have always at heart the family good,
You are one man, at least, who behaves as he should.

Bacterianna (*Rising from divan.*)

Aunties and Bella, we have about time
To arrange our toilets before the hour to dine.
Papa stopped in the village to shake hands with his friends,
But is sure to arrive before the hour ends.

(*Exeunt, R. D., Bacterianna, Bella D., Anti S., Anti P. and Anti D., after courtesying to the gentlemen.—Exit Mike Crobe, L.—Cerebro and Parotitis bow to ladies and then go forward.*)

Parotitis (*L. C.*)

Egad, the old ladies are more sprightly than ever,
May success early crown each matrimonial endeavor.
See how much they owe to the frolicsome bacilli,
And prepare to celebrate their nuptials by the Fourth of July.

Cerebro (*R. C.*)

If dear Aunty Septic could only discover,
That old Doctor Sapience is her most ardent lover.
The gay old widower some courage might take,
And we boys, quite easy, a love-match might make.

Parotitis.

And if my gentle Aunt Pyrine
Would only keep trying,
And stop pretending that she is defying
The entire male sex, which really is lying,
She soon, by such worthy Christian endeavor,
Might secure a good husband, forever and ever.

Cerebro.

Or if the other dear sister, fond Aunty Dote,
Who is sailing to-day in the self same boat,
If she were a little more plastic, a trifle elastic,
Might astonish the world by a sudden gymnastic.

Parotitis.

If she would only assume a little timidity,
And not meet all men with such chilling frigidity,
She might take advantage of some masculine stupidity,
Which Cupid would call justifyable cupidity.

Cerebro.

I imagine that the heart of Cupid when he contemplates your aunts,
Goes pit a pat, and flutters, and pants,

Parotitis (*Laughing.*)

He probably feels as if there were microbes in his liver,
As he takes a fresh arrow out of his quiver.

(*Exeunt Cerebro and Parotitis, L.*)

(*Door bell rings.—Enter Mike Crobe, R.*)

Mike C. (*Imitating the step of Dr. Sapience.*)

Oi bound! Oi bound! Oi hears the sound,
Quickly Oi'm gettin' over the ground.
The ring of the master, faith surely it be,
Oi hastens! Oi runs! Oi bounds! Oi flee!

(*He trots out, C. D.*)

Mr. B. (*Without.*)

Come Michael, you were always a good boy,
And I want you and everbody to share my great joy

(*Enter, C. D., Mr. Bacterium full of life, with strong and healthy step, followed by Mike Crobe.*)

This is the happiest moment since the day of my birth,
I am the luckiest mortal to be found on the earth.

(*Mr. Bacterium goes forward to C., devoutly raising his hand.*)

Thanks to an ever kind and gracious Ruler, I am a man again!
Freed am I from mental anguish and all bodily pain
It's more than I deserve, I freely own,
Much of the past, I will now atone.

Mike C. (*L. C., wiping his eyes*).

Oh, my dear, kind master, this is too much pleasure
for me to be in it,
Excuse these tears, sor, for me joy knows no limit.
The cause of me weepin' is because you're so well
and so happy, sure,
God be praised for this most remarkable cure.

Mr. B. (*Looking kindly at Mike.*)

Well, well, good fellow, you have a heart both de-
voted and true,
Such servants are scarce, one sees but a few.
Just think that we all are back in our home,
All entirely well, not one broken bone.
(*Embraces Mike vigorously.*)

(*Enter, R. D., Anti S., Anti P. and Anti D.—Enter, C. D., Bacterianna and Bella D.—Enter, L. D., Angina P. with duster in hand. They are astonished at Mr. B's. actions.*)
[*Picture.*]

Mike C. (*Somewhat confused, smoothing out his clothes.*)

Well Oi declares, this is sort of sorter,
It reminds me of that lobster in the water.
(*He spies Angina.*)
Now Anu, don't be jealous, or set up a waping,
For this love-embrace was not of my saking.

(*Mr. B. Seizes and embraces Angina P., who screams and runs off L. D.*)

Mr. B. (*Then seizing Anti Septic.*)

Oh, sister Septic, embrace your brother,
Although you'd rather it were some other.
Just think, the microbe now no power wields,
But is seeking victims in other fields.

Anti S. (*Breaking away and arranging clothes, R.*)

Ahem! ahem! Just see how my garments you've
disheveled,
And think how your dignity you have levelled.
I'd as soon be embraced by a grizzly bear;
Horrid man, just look! See the family stare!

(*Anti P. and Anti D. cross to L. and take seats on sofa. —Anti S. and Bella D. take seats R. on divan.*)

(*Door-bell rings.*)

Mike C. (*Aside.*)

Sure yer moighty foine a ringin' all day,
As for mesel, Oi'm thinkin' you're in a throublesome way.
Bad cest to the man who invinted a bell,
He should be thrown, without trial, to the bottom of —a well.

(*Exit, C. D.*)

(*Bacterianna affectionately takes her father's hand, he kisses her and leads her to the piano. She plays one verse of "Home, Sweet Home."*)

(*Enter Mike Crobe, C. D.*)

Mike C.

Doctor Sapience, the most wonderful of physicians,
Agin visits this place, under different conditions.

Mr. B.

Show him in, we owe him our lives,
For he scared off our shivers, our stammers, our writhes.

(*Exit Mike Crobe, C. D.*)

(*Enter Cerebro and Parotitis, L. They take chairs, L.*)

Bacterianna.

Papa, you seem as you did when as a child you me petted,
Oh, how much to this doctor we all are indebted.

(*She plays another verse of "Home, Sweet Home".*)

(*Enter Mike Crobe, C. D.*)

Mike C.

Dr. Sapience, so much renowned,
Is coming this way, with a bound and a bound.

(*Enter Doctor Sapience, with his usual step, C. D.—Exit Mike Crobe, C. D.*)

Mr. B.

Welcome doctor to our family abode,
We are all of us here, minus each and every microbe.
There's not one of them left on mischief bent,
In muscle, sinew, nerve, or ligament.

Dr. Sapience. (*In front of C. D., to Mr. Bacterium.*)

Many thanks for this very kind greeting,
You hardly expected me at this family meeting;
What you mean of the microbes to say
Is that only the health giving bacteria are now having sway.
(*Turning to the others.*)

Ladies, good morning, and gentlemen too,
It's needless to ask you, how do you do?
For in each separate face is the color of health;
Emblem of happiness, the only real wealth.

(*He goes R. to Anti S., and shakes her hand.*)

Miss Bacterium, to see you affords me much joy,
Also, to hear that the bacilli do not annoy.
Those valuable elements now in you are abiding,
Those healthy parts of the blood, Albumin and Fibrin.

Cerebro (*To Parotitis.*)

There, what did I tell you? He certainly is smitten.
Will she be cold enough hearted to give him the mitten?

Parotitis.

Don't you believe it, she'll act the wiser part,
She'll accept his proposal, at the very first start.

Anti S. (*Confused, but gushing.*)

Ahem! Why doctor — really—this is such a surprise,
I'm delighted! I—I—I can hardly believe my eyes.
How kind of you,—Isn't it Bella Donna?
We all esteem it—a—a—very great honor.

Parotitis (*To Cerebro, pretending to stammer.*)
A little more courage she must-must-muster,
She is really in quite a flust-flust-fluster.

Cerebro.
Oh, my dear brother, she'll recover, some way or other,
But her natural feelings, for once, she is unable to smother.

Mr. B. (*Going down C.*)
Doctor, your presence fills us all with joy,
Our gratitude is genuine, without an alloy,
You've reclaimed this family from suffering and death,
In fact, when we called you, I was near my last breath.

Dr. S. (*R. C.*)
I rejoice to see my call is no intrusion,
My desire is to prevent unnecessary confusion
So, professionally, I have brought a prophylactic.
(*Taking a small bottle from his pocket.*)
An oil from a fish found in the Adriatic.

Mr. B.
A prophy-prophy-whatic?
A fish? Then of course it is aquatic.

Dr. S.
Prophylactic, a preventive of disease,
An antidote for doctors' fees.
Fearing your several bacilli might again return,
I have brought my Culture Number 43, an anti-germ.
(*Passing bottle to Mr. B.*)

Mr. B. (*Examining bottle.*)
Is it as active as your forty one?
Or as forty two, as full of fun?

Dr. S.
It's principally an unctuous matter,
And will neither make you lean or fatter,

It's a Quaker microbe, inclined to peace,
Like a sardine, always soaked in grease,
It will mollify, soften and assuage
All bacilli inclined to rage,
This is its first appearance on any stage.

(*Enter Mike C., mysteriously. C. D.—He goes forward to Mr. B. and whispers something to him.—Mr. B. goes to C. D. followed by Mike C.*)

Mr. B. (*At C. D.*)

Pardon me for a very short time,
An old friend of the family has arrived just in time.
He is somewhat bashful, and always has been,
So that Michael's powers of persuasion could not tempt him in,
(*Exeunt Mr. B. and Mike C.*, (*C. D.*)

(*Betta D. crosses to L. and takes a seat on the tabouret. Dr. S. takes seat beside Anti S. on divan.*)

Anti S. (*Exuberantly.*)

Ahem! Now doctor, you really discompose my features,
By suggesting the return of those minute little creatures.
That kind of companions would not now be my selection,
Another kind altogether would be my predilection.
(*They converse together.*)

Anti P. (*To Anti D.*)

Dote, what is more stubborn than actual facts?
Do you observe how strangely our sister acts?
Do you notice the sly glances she's been giving the doctor?
She acts too familiar, much more than she ought to.

Anti D.

Pyrine, I think she is getting altogether to airy,
You don't suppose he has asked her to marry?
Did you see how he looked at her, in fact quite askance?
Does he mean something or nothing, by that queer boyish glance?

Dr. S. (*To Anti S., in an affectionate voice.*)

We must so arrange that I shall always be near,
And then if the microbes should chance to appear,
Quicker than scat, say in half a jiffy,
I will scare them all off, but I must always be with thee.

Anti S. (*Coyly.*)

Ahem! Why doctor you really astonish!
But I-I-I have not the heart to admonish.

(*Aside.*)

I hope my dear sisters would not think me sinning,
If I confess to myself that his ways are quite winning. (*She sighs.*)

(*Angina Pectoris enters, R., hurriedly.*)

Angina P. (*R.*)

A very quaint man is at the back-door,
Phat does yez think? He the house would explore.
He's dressed too foine to be called a tramp,
I thinks he is honest, but he may be a scamp.

He is indade in great grief at the loss of a brother,
And declares he has met me somewhere or other,
He thinks that his relative has entered this house,
And promises to be orderly and quiet as a mouse.

Parotitis. (*Rising from chair, L.*)

Poor fellow, why show him in, of course,
We have much sympathy for his very great loss;
Let him look where he likes, either high or low,
Perhaps he'll find his brother, but I doubt it though.

(*Exit Angina Pectoris, R.*)

Mr. B. (*Without.*)

This way—this way.

(*Mr. B. appears in C. D.*)

Walk in good man, we're all glad you've come,
The greatest of happiness prevails through our home.

(*Mr. Vermes appears in C. D.*)

We want you to share our joy with us, too,
For to you a large part is certainly due.

(*Mr. B. and Mr. V. enter C. D., followed by Mike C., grinning. Mike C. goes to R. U. Cor., and sits down in easy chair.*)

Ladies and gentlemen this is our late fellow sufferer,
Mr. Vermes,
Whom we met at Long Branch during this summer's
journeys,
Sisters three, it is great pleasure to me,
To have you meet once more your friend Mr. V.

(*Mr. V., back C., bows awkwardly. The ladies and gentlemen return the salutation.*)

Mr. V.

Most happy! When last I met you,
The frolicsome microbe did trouble and fret you;
To you, I believe, I sold my exaggerated germs,
A composite production of crabs, lobsters and worms.

Mr. B.

Yes, in those made up reptiles, we the humbug per-
ceived,
While with our own made up fancies, we ourselves
all deceived,
We to magnify our pains and sufferings did try,
Just exactly as you did your strange bacilli.

Your lesson caused me to realize my position,
Working about as much good as did my physician;
The greatest of benefit I derived from your inven-
tion,
But your honest intention, it will be well not to
mention.

(*Enter Angina Pectoris, R., followed by the Unknown.*)

Angina P.

Ladies and gentlemen, this is the Unknown,
Saking for his own flesh and bone;
He tells me that, some how or other,
He has lost, and can't find, his very best brother.

(*She goes to Mike Crobe, R. U. Cor. Mike gives her easy chair.*)

(*The brothers Vermes recognize each other.*)

Mr. V. (*Up L., much overcome.*)

Have you a large water-melon engraved on your left ear?

For if you have, you are my brother dear!

The Unknown. (*Down R.*)

I have! and various scars up and down my back,

Our dear father's trade-mark, made by many a whack.

Mr. V.

Then you are he, my long lost twin,

Hug me my brother and don't wander again.

(*They pass rapidly to C., where they embrace three times. Mr. V. then takes his brother's hand and leads him up the stage to L. U. Cor. behind piano.*)

Mr. B. (*Going forward.*)

Dr. Sapience my happiness is too full for expression,

When I think that we've conquered the microbe, without a concession.

Now as it is more than a month since you saw our faces,

Kindly give an opinion in each one of our cases.

Dr. S. (*R.*)

Certainly, to me it would be much pleasure,

To give in a nut shell, each individual's measure.

So I will begin with you, without an apology,

Your trouble commenced from reading too much of bacteriology.

No microbes to harm you have you ever possessed,

Yours are all orderly germs, which never molest;

Your mind became morbid, no doubt, beyond question;

You should have left the whole matter to the medical profession.

The treatment applied in your particular case,

Though somewhat peculiar it appears on its face,

Is the one now adopted by all civilized nations

In the cure of dementure, crankisms, hallucinations.

I can assure you, my friend, you are now thoroughly sound,

Cerebro is the next one,—I bound—I bound.
(*He trots to Cerebro. Mr. B. takes seat on ottoman, R.*)

Cerebro. (*Standing and writhing.*)
The microbe had simply gone on a vacation,
And has now returned with more vigorous gyration.
(*He writhes.*)

Dr. S.
Ah, you rogue, since you joined the shakers,
And took Miss Bacterium out in the breakers,
You've shown much nerve and great acting ability,
Talent, judgment and much versatility.

Cerebro. (*Twitching.*)
Thank you doctor, but you're inclined to flatter,
Please reduce it to a thinner batter.
(*He gives one tremendous twitch, then smiling, goes to Bacterianna who is seated at the piano.*)

Dr. S.
Parotitis, far from being mumpus,
You have assisted greatly in the general rumpus.

Protitis. (*Standing.*)
Der-der-der-do you think
That wi-wi-with suitable ham-ham-hammer,
I can dri-dri-drive away this stam-stam-stammer?
Or der-der-do you believe when I do ut-ut-utter,
I shall always continue to stut-stut-stutter?
(*Smiles and sits down.*)

Dr. S.
My friend, don't you worry,
But when you talk, be less in a hurry.
(*Trots up stage to Bacterianna.*)
Miss Bacterianna, you raised quite a breeze,
Through your natural acting by the salted seas.

Bacterianna (*Rising wildly from piano.*)
Take me doctor, tie to my neck a stone,
Carry me out in the water and leave me alone;
Or if it please you, give me a swimming chance,
And I'll drive all microbes from Long Branch.
(*Turns pleasantly to Cerebro.*)

Dr. S. (*Trots to Bella Donna, L.*)
Miss Bella, do you still feel ill?
Or have you forgotten the fever and chill?

Bella D. (*Shivering, rises from tabouret.*)
Oh, nothing is the matter,
Excuse my teeth which are inclined to chatter.
Ha! ha! ha! (*Sits down.*)

Dr. S. (*Crossing to Anti Septic, R.*)
Miss Bacterium, your face is beaming with health's fond roses,
A youthful countenance adorned with poses.

Anti S. (*Rising, very pleasantly.*)
Ahem! But remember that my breakfasts were microbes fried in batter,
So pause, consider, before you flatter. (*Sits down.*)

Dr. S. (*Looks lovingly at her, then turns and trots to Anti Pyrine and Anti Dote, L.*)
Miss Pyrine and Miss Dote, I see by your faces,
Your late malingering leaves no traces;
Like your sister, you are perfectly charming,
Although your recent acting was quite alarming.

Anti P. and Anti D. (*Rising,—savagely.*)
Remember, doctor! what we like most
Is a broiled Bacteriologist on our toast;
That with our sister, we form a group
Fond of micro-organisms in our soup.
That always at our lunch,
We take bacilli in our punch. (*They sit.*)

Dr. S.
Ha! ha! ha! It was well done,
Nothing before like it under the sun.
(*Converses with them.*)

Mr. Vermes. (*L. U. Cor.*)
I'm Mr. Vermes,
I'm unable to find where a single germ is;
About ten thousand were within my reach,
The day I departed from Long Branch Beach.

The Unknown. (*L. U. Cor.*)

Perhaps you don't expect something or other,
From Mr. Vermes, or his brother.

Mr. V.

Silence, my twin!
Neither you nor I am in the swim.

Dr. S. (*Trotting to Angina Pectoris, R. U. Cor.*)

Angina Pectoris, Sweet Irish maid,
Let us hear from you, don't be afraid.

Angina P. (*Rising.*)

Shure doctor, I no longer wishes to chate,
But I'm somephat delighted that the microbe's bate,
While I must confiss your treatment does me mishtify,
What must be thought by the bacilli?

Dr. S.

And you, friend Michael, what have you to say?

Mike E. (*Ptacing his hand to his ear.*)

A little louder, sor, plase spake,
Me ear still fales as if aslape.
Thot aixparience did me quite a harum,
Oi'd not agin go through it for a big farum.

Mr. C. (*Rising from ottoman.*)

To you and Ann a farm I'll give,
Where you and she can always live;
I'll stock it too with cows and hens.
And many pigs, in sundry pens.

(*Mike C. embraces Angina P.*)

(*Dr. S. trots to foot-lights.—Characters seated, arise.*)

Dr. S. (*C.*)

Now ladies and gentlemen, we'll draw to a close,
What perhaps would have suited better in prose,
But you surely will pardon us this one time,
If our microbic fancies we have given in rhyme.

Of bacilli have no anxiety or fear,
Don't believe all the stories that come to your ear,

But leave such abstruse subjects to the medical profession,
Then to you this play may be a profitable lesson.

(*Door bell rings.—Mike C., a la Dr. Sapience, trots out C. D. Angina, as if afraid of losing him, follows, in like manner.*)

Remember that microbes are not all foes to mankind,
That many are good ones, you must bear in mind.
So, before you worry yourselves into a serious condition,
Just state all your symptoms to your family physician.

(*Mr. Vermes very politely extends his hand to his brother, and the two pass off C. D., after bowing profoundly.*)

Disposition of the other characters at the fall of the curtain.

(R.) (L.)

ANTI S.—ANTI P.—ANTI D.

CEREBRO—BACTERIANNA. BELLA D.—PAROTITIS.

MR. BACTERIUM—DR. SAPIENCE.

CURTAIN.

DEC 11 1897

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